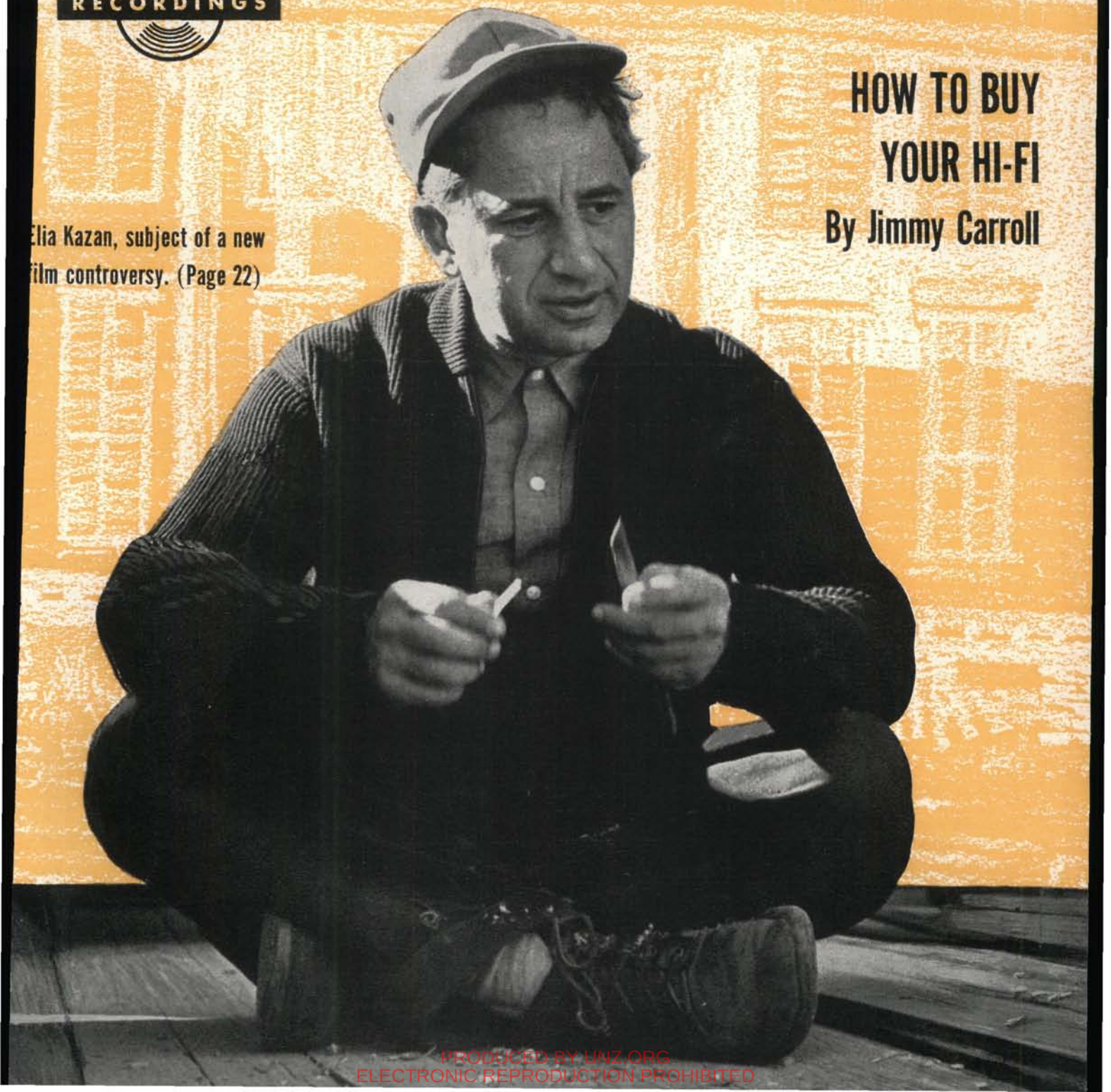
HE NATURAL HABITAT OF COMPROMISE . . . BY WILLIAM S. WHITE

Saturday Review

ECEMBER 29, 1956 / 20¢

RECORDINGS



HOW TO BUY YOUR HI-FI

By Jimmy Carroll

Elia Kazan, subject of a new film controversy. (Page 22)

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From the Wine Press

POOR dear Edgar Allan Poe, who probably never met a cask of montillado, gave his fictitious one a Florentine locale. Rupert Croft-Cooke, author of **"Sherry"** (Knopf, $4), would have straightened him out on that, on-stuffily. British novelist forsaking fabrication to write about the true characters of the sherries he loves, he runs their gamut from light, light ultra-dry manzanilla to luscious Old Brown dessert sherry. Casks he has met by the thousands as he roved the aisles of the bodegas, those vast cathedral-like buildings whose aging congregations lie three or four deep, the upper tiers serving as replenishers of the soleras at the bottom, which contain the ultimate blend—the whole system functioning to maintain continuity of what the customer buys on the strength of having liked a previous bottle bearing that brand name. New, unblended sherries are capricious. All these mysteries are gone into informatively, and the vineyard story told, as well as the sagas of the dynasts of the great sherry houses. As a special bonus there's a chapter called "The Wine Comes Home," depicting the cavernous cellar world of the London docks, into which few American readers have ever penetrated. From Mr. Croft-Cooke's almost fanatical devotion to sherry one might imagine that no other wines were worth a fig.

No such simplicity of shopping is afforded by Germany's wondrous winelands patchquilted with greats, pretty fairs, and skippables, each of them named apparently not for oral purposes, or so it seems to the timid. How describe so variegated a multitude? How explain the terminology and techniques? Frank Schoonmaker does both in **"The Wines of Germany"** (Hastings House, $3.50). He presents an organized, appraisive coverage of each region, with full particulars as to outstanders, and rosters of names worth home study by seekers of the good and beautiful—seekers who persevere till they know vineyard by vineyard, instead of abjectly falling back on the two omnium gatherums, Liebfraumilch and Moselbluemchen. For a valley of discovery he recommends the Nahe wines, with which Americans were once familiar and then somehow forgot. As a writer he captures the scene, the essence, the odd bit; his introductions to Hessia and the Pflaz demand second and third readings for the pleasure of them. Indeed this whole production, with its well-chosen photographs and handsome helpful maps, is *Feinste Auslese.* —LAWTON MACKALL.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S.A. Vol. XXXIX, No. 52, December 29, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review, Inc.

(Advertisement)

I want to say something about poetry. And if your initial reaction is to turn at once to Bennett Cerf, I hope you'll resist the impulse and bear with me.

There are times when it seems that poetry has become an unmentionable word. The impression exists that, in a television age, poetry is too difficult, too demanding; or that it is neither useful nor enjoyable; or that it is written only for a small group of self-appointed initiates.

In part this situation is a result of the modern poet's concern with form more than content, his seeming desire to be difficult rather than clear; and in part it is a result of contemporary teaching which emphasizes analysis rather than understanding.

Yet the best poetry illumines the human heart in a way that the best-selling novelist, or even the newest psychoanalyst, can never do.

If you have any doubts about this, I suggest you look into Lloyd Frankenberg's new book, "Invitation to Poetry," which is an excellent introduction to the subject.

The book is an anthology of poems from John Skelton to Dylan Thomas, arranged with comments by a man, a poet himself, who has done much to restore poetry to a degree of popularity. His comments add to our understanding and increase our pleasure in the many great poems which constitute the major part of the book.

It's an ideal volume on which to spend any extra Christmas cash, an even better one to turn into a New Year's resolution.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., is the publisher of Lloyd Frankenberg's "Invitation to Poetry" ($6.75). Mr. Frankenberg has also recorded for Columbia Records a new album called "A Round of Poems," on which he reads and discusses many of the poems in his book. Book and record may be obtained from your own bookseller, including any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops.

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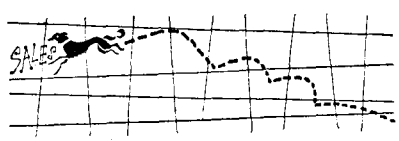
TRADE Winds

ONCE OR TWICE A season there comes along a first novel that is sensational enough or funny enough or—let us face it—smutty enough to crash through all natural barriers and actually make money for its astounded publisher. The sponsors of most first novels, however, are thoroughly prepared to sustain a hefty loss. Let the author show, on one hand, sufficient promise to deserve encouragement or, on the other, seem to be worth saving from the clutches of a more venturesome competitor, and this loss can rightfully be regarded as a legitimate business risk.

Recent seasons, unfortunately, have seen these "legitimate" losses vaulting beyond the safety zone. It's the familiar story of constantly increasing costs. Where once a novel could break



even on a sale of 3,000 copies it now takes 7,500 and more—and you would be shocked to learn how many genuinely promising first novels show a net of 2,000 or less when all the returns are in. Sticky wicket, what?

While most publishers have been doing absolutely nothing but weep copious tears at this sad state of affairs, one—just one—has struck out boldly with a constructive plan that may provide a partial remedy at least. The innovator, as has so often been the case in previous emergencies, is crotchety, dazzlingly-haberdashered, brilliant Alfred A. Knopf.

Knopf has introduced over the past two years five novels—originals, not reprints—in paper covers at $1.25 a copy. When the paperbound editions sold out the books were then reprinted in conventional hard covers at the normal price of $3 or $3.50. Explained Knopf on the jackets of the paperbacks, "The type-setting and paper cost the publisher as much for a novel by a new and little-known author as for one by the most popular writer in the world. The cost of printing and binding the latter, because of the large edition the publisher can risk manufacturing, is rather less! The spread in royalty between the two is not very great. But we are making an experiment which should give the adventurous reader and the writer a break. This first printing is being published at about one-third the normal price."

The plan started off in June of 1955 with a printing of 5,700 copies of Peter Abrahams's South African novel "Mine Boy" (which was not, as some people thought from the title, a novel about a Jewish father and his son). The first printing rose to 10,000 copies with the next book, P. H. Newby's extremely funny treatment of those currently unfunny Egyptians, "The Picnic at Sakkara." This was followed in 1956 by Mario Soldati's "The Capri Letters," Edward Grierson's literate thriller "The Second Man," and Jules Roy's "The Unfaithful Wife." This coming month Yasunari Kawabata's "Snow Country" will appear in paper covers, followed in February by Brigid Brophy's "The King of a Rainy Country."

All but the last three titles have gone into hardcover editions, and Soldati's "The Capri Letters," in fact, has had two hardcover printings. Despite the fact that there obviously is no profit in the sale of 10,000 copies of a full-length novel these days at $1.25, Mr. Knopf professes satisfaction at progress recorded. The plan has met with an enthusiastic response from reviewers, too, whose only reservation (not openly expressed) is that they can't get more than a quarter for a paperbound review copy from the second-hand dealers.

Will other publishers follow Knopf's lead? Obviously, something should be done to combat the increasing competition of paperbound reprints. Maybe the good Alfredo has struck Borzoil!

WHILE YOUR 1956-1957 holiday celebrations proceed, presumably, apace you might give a thought to the way barnstorming vaudevillians of yesteryear had to celebrate the yuletide season.

They gave *their* Christmas parties in July! Fred Allen tells the tale in "Much Ado About Me." "For the summer," he recalled, "a number of headliners established homes in Freeport, and the smalltimers precipitated a real-estate boom trying to buy next to them. The Long Island Good-Hearted Thespians Society soon was formed there—later abbreviated to the Lights. The first president was Victor Moore. One of the traditional functions of the Lights was the celebration of Christmas on the Fourth of July. In December vaudeville actors were on the road, far from their homes, families, and friends. So they saved their greetings and presents until the return to Freeport. On July Fourth, though the temperature be in the nineties, the Lights's Christmas tree was decorated and lighted, Santa Claus was dressed in his heavy suit with ermine trimmings, presents were placed under the tree, and the mem-

bers and their children arrived in their furs, mittens, and earlaps, some even clattering into the club on snowshoes. . . ."

ORIANA ATKINSON took a trip through Ireland last summer and describes it charmingly in "The South and the West of It." From Killarney to Galway to Connemara she journeyed, but it was in Limerick that she suffered her major disillusionment. Nobody in the town had so much as heard of the five-line bits of doggerel that we have called "limericks" all of our lives! Mrs. Atkinson drowned her disappointment in a special brew of Old Erin's called Coca-Cola and went out to the Limerick race track where "Dandy Jim, the Old Reliable" persuaded her to bet on a list of horses who "couldn't possibly lose." Most of the horses never even showed up at the finish line, and neither, for that matter, did Dandy Jim.

Plenty of TRADE WINDS readers, meanwhile, are doing their best to keep the local limerick market bubbling. Mrs. Dorothy Green, of Salmon Falls, N. H., submits:

A wealthy old maid of Duquesne
Used loudly to sing this
refruesne:
"Oh, I'd give all my gold
For a man, young or old—
'Tis a blessing I fuesne would
attuesne."

From Dixie Lyon, of Allenhurst, N. J.:

A dashing young Air Forces
colonel
Sought love during the equinox
volonel.
But when he made passes
At sundry young lasses
Their feelings proved infolonelly
matolenel.

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And Mrs. Floyd John, of Springfield, Ore., mercifully brings this paragraph to a close with:

An old hospital patient named
Boothless
Complained on occasion when
toothless,
"I don't care about thupperth
When I've mithplathed my
upperth.
Without them my lowerth are
uthless."

VINCENT STARRETT, taking a dim view of the ghostwritten hogwash by TV hip-swirlers and quiz winners that cluttered publishers' lists in 1956, urges his *Chicago Tribune* readers to rediscover the classics. "Any book," he proclaims, "that ever was a good book is still and always will be a good book." That is Starrett's law, and it's every bit as sound as Mendel's or Gresham's. . . . Mike Connolly reports that the saddest novelist in Beverly Hills is the one who confessed, "My new book got nixed reviews"; the stingiest, the one who snarled, "I'm getting pretty sick of paying that fool agent of mine 9 per cent!"

THE WIFE of a submarine commander gave her husband the loveliest keepsake of all last New Year's Eve: a beautiful baby daughter. The father's craft was patrolling the waters of the Far East at the time, and this is the cable that his wife sent him: "Ahoy, Skipper. New sub successfully launched at seven bells. Tonnage: eight pounds. No periscope. Everything shipshape. That is all, or, at least, so we hope. Happy New Year. Love. Sue." —BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 705

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 705 will be found in the next issue.

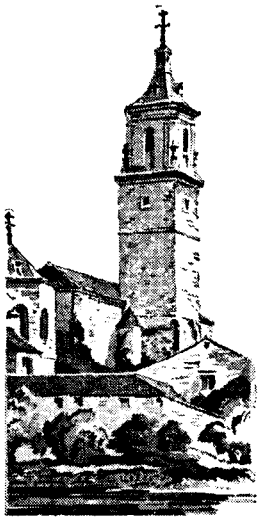
EG PBE ABE FH B CBLDRGL

GE BE HPCLK MLGPBAN.

—O. A. FDBEE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 704

Logic: an instrument for bolstering a prejudice.
—ELBERT HUBBARD.



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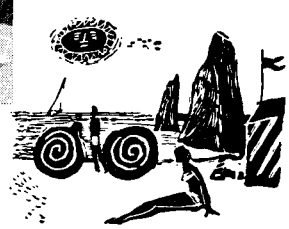

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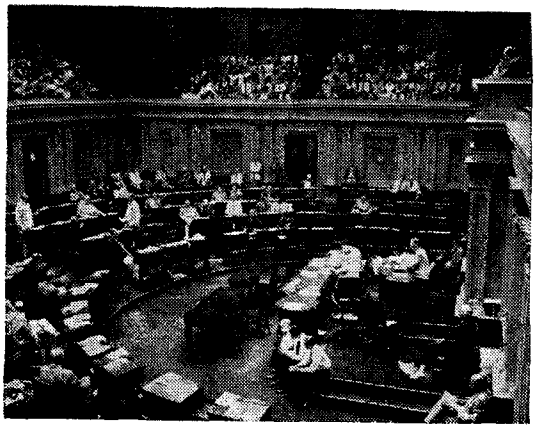

THE NATURAL HABITAT OF COMPROMISE

Senators and Their Sanctuary

William S. White, Pulitzer Prize-winning member of The New York Times*'s Washington staff, greets the new Congress with a dissertation on the origins of its Senior Partner, a preview of his new book "Citadel" (to be published this January by Harper and Brothers—copyright 1956 by William Smith White).*

By WILLIAM S. WHITE

FOR a long time I have felt that the one touch of authentic genius in the American political system, apart, of course, from the incomparable majesty and decency and felicity of the Constitution itself, is the Senate of the United States. President George Washington, as the story goes, once vowed he'd be damned if he ever went to that place again. In the long years since many others of high and low station have felt much the same way. Still, like George Washington before them, and all the country before them, they have had to deal and still have to deal with that place.

The word Senate means literally an assembly of old men or elders—a rather apt description of a body that in the late Eighty-fourth Congress held fifteen members of more than seventy years of age (with six of them, indeed, over seventy-five years of age) and a vast majority who had passed the sixtieth birthday.

The term comes from ancient Rome, where the Senate originally was the supreme council of state, made up initially of 100 nobles. The council, fittingly enough, began with only advisory powers but expanded its functions until at last it was making administrative decisions and laws.

The general sense of upheaval that accompanied the American Revolution changed, fleetingly or not, a great many things, but some things were left profoundly unchanged. There was a deep-seated colonial notion that while it would hardly do in the borning Republic to adopt the prevailing standard of admission to the House of Lords (there being, for one thing, no hereditary nobles hereabouts) it was most essential to set up an upper legislative chamber to check or refine the inevitable excesses of popular government and in general to speak for the educated, the well-born, and the well-to-do.

Anyone old enough to remember the vast pother accompanying the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment would hardly suppose this to be the case; but the fact is that the pre-Federal issue of the proper composition and nature of the American Senate was one of the greatest and most acute Constitutional issues in the life of the country.

The indisputably British semi-character of the institution that emerged—for all the fact that it was Roman in nomenclature, far more than merely British, and a unique governmental instrument carrying more than legislative powers—cannot be doubted now any more than then. (It is diverting at times to reflect from the gallery that when Senator Jenner of Indiana, for example, arises to disclose a suspicion of the British so deep and active as to amount almost to phobia, he himself was never more British in his life than in this act and that he speaks from a forum raised up by men representing the British race.)

For the first Senate, in all that it was and had, was the expression—though by unexampled extension—of a British point of view and a British habit of life. It was formed of a great compromise that never was in

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fact a compromise at all. It was an effort, so typically made up of the quality of muddle-through, to set up a virile parliamentary power in a government that was not to be, in the British sense, a parliamentary government at all.

Nevertheless, there was for all this no really "serviceable model," as was more than once painfully observed in the Federal Convention of 1787, and the going was very sticky at times.

The Convention having fairly readily agreed that the national legislature ought to have two branches, there immediately arose the historic argument of the claims of the many relative to the claims of the few. The small states quite well knew their minds, and their delegations in some cases had explicit and fixed orders from home. For example, the men from Delaware, the very model of the small state, had come armed with instructions that "in determining Questions in the United States in Congress assembled, each State shall have one Vote."

Upon this rock stood all the small —that nothing could cause them to agree to anything but precisely equal state sovereignty.

All the same the delegations from the large states at length won the day so far as the House of Representatives, the lower chamber, was concerned, and at once the small fixed their hopes upon the institution that in nearly two centuries since has never really failed them in crisis. Proportional representation was adopted for the House, and the Convention now moved to the climactic business of creating the Senate. As it did so the small states began marshalling the last of their resources. They scurried about to require the immediate attendance of all the then absent delegations that had been assigned to represent such states.

Ellsworth of Connecticut now proposed that each state should have "an equal vote in the second branch" and for ten days there was bitter debate on the motion. There was talk that it might become necessary, in order to avoid the total rule of the smaller states, for Pennsylvania to swallow up Delaware and for New Jersey to be split between New York and Pennsylvania. There was even some resonant suggestion of how fine an arbiter was the sword.

At length, there came the "Great Compromise" that was in a real sense no compromise at all since it reflected a complete victory for the concept of a numerically unrepresentative institution. The bone thrown to the majority rulers was that though the principle of the "equal voice" for the states would obtain in the Senate, the House membership would be based on population.

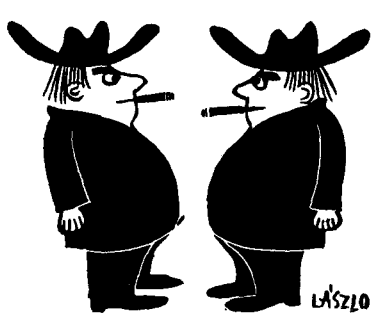
The principle having thus been established, it remained to dispose of some very important details. How should members of "the second branch," the Senate, be chosen? Some proposed that they be appointed by the President, a recommendation that got almost no consideration at all. There was even some vague talk (which did not materialize into action for a century and a quarter) that Senators be *popularly elected.*

This was altogether too much for the Convention, which seems to have regarded the advocate of this extraordinary course, James Wilson, as a most curious and quite possibly a very dangerous man. Sherman thought the people had altogether too much to do with the Government as it was. Gerry considered "the People" as being "chiefly composed of the landed interest" and thought that an all-popular Congress elected by such "people" would put the commercial, or non-agrarian, interests of the country on a thin diet indeed. (Gerry was partly right, whether or not for the right reason: The farmers still have a wholly disproportionate weight in the Senate of the United States.)

There was much talk, apparently shocking to no one at the Convention, to the effect that the voters were filled here and there with Heaven-knew-what bizarre notions, some of them even believing in the desirability of paper money. Obviously the dominant Convention opinion was that when it came to the things and the organisms that mattered (and from even its pre-natal days the Senate very much *mattered*) there should be a policy, as Madison put it, "of refining the popular appointment by successive filtrations."

There was a proposal—this by Hamilton, whose massive and gloomy distrust of the people seems never to have wavered—for the selection of Senators in each state by six to twelve electors who themselves would be chosen by the large landholders. "Filtrations" indeed! The word was Madison's, but it remained for Hamilton to filter even that word.

Then there was the suggestion that the Senate be made up of members to be chosen by the first branch, the House of Representatives. This went down very poorly. And it is possible even today to suspect that some atavistic Senate memory of this shocking presumption, this incredible proposal to put the House into the governance of Senate affairs, is involved in the tireless campaign of the institution to keep "the lower body" in its place. Is it not possible that something of this sort is remotely at the back of the obvious pleasure felt by the present Senate Democratic leader, Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas, when his mentor and lifelong friend, the Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn, calls upon *Johnson,* rather than the other way round?



AT LENGTH it was fixed upon that the State Legislatures, which were then apparently in infinitely more agreeable odor than at present, should select two Senators from each state. James Wilson, who so long and so alone had urged the popular way, was disturbed and distressed. He forecast, and it was with complete accuracy to the degree that he was talking about effects, that these totally different methods of selecting the membership of the two chambers would mean inherently different chambers between which there would be chronic disputation. This did not trouble the others. They wanted it that way, and that way it has largely been. What Wilson could not possibly foresee, in his jeremiads, was that even after the adoption in 1913 of the Seventeenth Amendment, which provided for the popular election of Senators, his case would be quite as good as it ever was.

For the Convention that settled all this settled other matters that for all time put upon the Senate the imprint of differentness. What was being created here was not merely a legislative instrument, however lofty, but an instrument with mixed functions in the executive and judicial as well as the legislative and investigative fields. And it was so arranged that while the House of Representatives would be subject to total overturn every two years, and the Presidency every four, the Senate, as a Senate, could *never* be repudiated. It was fixed, through the staggered-term principle, so that only a third of the total membership would be up for re-election every two years. It is therefore literally not possible for the voters *ever* to get at anything approaching a majority of the members of the institution at any one time.

It is in this light, the light of an organism having beginnings but never

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an end and holding a kind of limitless writ over the American life, that the Senate has one of its unique qualities.

For the Founders—incidentally having grandly cast aside as a mere mercantile question a proposal that the Senators be *paid* more than members of the House—now went forward to the business of adding superlatives of power to the place of pomp and of power that they were creating.

Very nearly given to the Senate was the power exclusively to make treaties, and not merely to advise and consent in their making, and to appoint "public ministers," and not merely to confirm these appointments. Mr. George H. Haynes, upon whose monumental two-volume history, "The Senate of the United States," I have most heavily and most gratefully leaned in these dealings with the past, notes that on August 6 the Convention's powerful Committee on Detail roundly proposed: "The Senate of the United States shall have power to make treaties, and to appoint Ambassadors and Judges of the Supreme Court." It was argued that this extraordinary provision could permit the Senate to "sell the whole country by treaties" and oppositely that in this power of ultimate lawmaking the Senate ought to be the master and the President the mere agent—since the Senate alone represented the States whereas, by implication, the President represented merely the people.

In passing Gouverneur Morris put in a thrust that has a perfect parallel in the efforts nearly two centuries later of Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio to limit the Presidential treaty-making power. Mr. Morris urged vainly, precisely as Senator Bricker was doing a good deal more recently in our history, an amendment stipulating that "no treaty shall be binding on the United States which is not ratified by law."

Wilson, the luckless, who quite clearly would never have made a good Senate man, bobbed up again to suggest that the House be brought into the treaty-making business. He failed signally again, and at last it was agreed that treaties must be made by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate and that they would not be ratified without the concurrence of two-thirds of those Senators voting. Thus the institution was empowered in an unprecedented way to deal with foreign relations, notwithstanding that the Constitution sought in the last analysis to leave these matters to the President. For whatever agency can define the terms of acceptability for a treaty can put the one partner to it, the American White House, under irresistible pressure to amend its whole design in negotiation. And it can put upon the other partner, the foreign chancellery, an enormous burden of good-will seeking. It can, in short, force alteration in the most basic relationships between this and other peoples.

STILL, not all this was enough for the Founders, for the men who made the Senate. Having given it unspoken eminence over the House of Representatives, having given it protection from the people, a considerable degree of which still survives, what was next to do?

First, there was the matter of seeing to it that the Senate would have the power of immediate entry into the official Presidential household and into the courts. Characteristically, it was again proposed that "the national legislature"—and one can easily guess whether in practice this would have meant primarily the House or primarily the Senate—should actually appoint the judiciary. Objection was made that "numerous bodies" (for this read the House of Representatives) were not good at this sort of thing. Madison was, as he said, "rather inclined to give it [the appointing power] to the Senatorial branch, which was not so "numerous" as t be unworthy "to be confided in."

The Convention's Committee of th Whole, indeed, unanimously agree that the Senate alone ought to choos the judges of the courts. At this point however, perhaps because all this wa really getting a bit too thick ever for the makers of the Senate, Massachusetts came forward to point ou that for 140 years that Commonwealth had been well served through judicial appointments made by the Executive "by and with the advice and consent" of the Legislature.

Thus it finally fell out that to the Senate was given these incomparable rights: To accept or reject treaties; to accept or reject Presidential appointments both to the bench and to his own intimate Cabinet.

Then, as perquisite was piled upon perquisite for the institution, there came what was in the sense of domestic power the most significant and the least used of all. The most influential of pre-Convention planning had envisaged the high judiciary as the proper place for trying impeachment actions, since these were after all bodies learned in the law and prac-

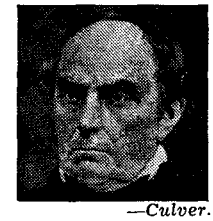
"SENATE-MEN": SORTS & DISPOSITIONS

It has been called "the most exclusive club in the world," but to Woodrow Wilson it was a "little group of wilful men." William White believes the unlimited debate which Senate rules permit, plus the equal representation given small states like Nevada (pop. 160,083) and huge states like New York (14,830,192), make the Senate of the United States the most important refuge of the minority outside the courts, an institution indispensable to the health of the Republic. Every nature and aspect of man, of course, can be found in the Senate, but the Chamber has had notable success in molding most of its members into a distinct character. Here are some of the typical and untypical "Senate-men" of past and present.

—*Acme.*

Lyndon Johnson.

THE LEADER: Lyndon Johnson only came to the Senate in 1949; he quickly became first minority leader, then majority leader, of a body which prides itself on keeping youth in its place, sometimes for decades. However his personality and convictions may strike the American electorate at large, it is obvious that in the closed, small world of the Senate he possesses transcendent ability and influence: once he passed through the Eighty-fourth Congress 100 bills in little more than an hour. When asked the secret of his success he comments: "If you can't smell a feeling, you are no kind of a politician."



—*Culver.*

Daniel Webster.

THE PHILOSOPHER: The Senate is the place for an obsession. Perhaps a finer orator than either of his rivals in the Great Triumvirate—Calhoun and Clay—Daniel Webster in public was a frustrating amalgam of embarrassed personal finances, embarrassing liaisons with business interests, too much distinction and not enough scope. But in the halls of the Senate he was a rock: he spoke there "not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American," even when these words cost him anti-slavery support. He stood for the Union Forever, against all its enemies, despite all its shortcomings.

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tised in the judgment of men. Presently, however, there arose an obvious difficulty. If the Supreme Court should be set up as also the high court of impeachment, who was it that could try a justice?

It was at length decided, and characteristically, as power gathered about the institution, that while the House should be the body to bring impeachments, the Senate alone would have the ultimate right to try all impeachments, including the impeachment of any President of the United States.

This, then, was the institution as it evolved from the heads of the men of the Convention. It was, in theory, one part of one of the three branches of the Government. But, shaped and given life by the few and in the essentials doggedly non-representative of the many, where was its real field and what was its actual mandate?

It had been said, in the Constitutions as a whole, that there were to be the three branches and, in substance, that each was to avoid trespass upon the others. But while the President was given no avenue to intrude upon the legislative part and, indeed no avenue toward control of the judiciary except to make appointments that then by life tenure made independent the appointee, what was now to be said for the Senate?

It had been given a moral primacy, at least, over the more popular branch of the legislature, the House, and in one matter an explicit primacy. The power to judge (impeachment) is surely higher, is it not, than the power to accuse?

It had been given the sanction to hold to account, both before and during their accession to public place, the most important officials of the President's branch and of the judicial branch. These, though so infrequently employed, are far from negligible powers, as any Federal judge or Cabinet officer will know.

Finally, it had been given a distant dominion, immense for all its seemingly shadowy quality, over the conduct of the foreign affairs of the great new power arising in the West.

It is not surprising, then, that for the Senate nearly 200 years of history may be as yesterday. It was only yesterday that the Convention placed in the Senate the power to remove the members of the Supreme Court of the United States—or a President. And it was only in a slightly less remote yesterday that the Senate would not let a President alter that court by addition.

It was only yesterday that the Convention considered giving *total* authority over treaties to the institution. Is it any wonder that a President named Wilson had trouble with the treaty that was the League of Nations? Is it any wonder even that a Senator named Bricker, considering the institution in which he sits, came so very close a few years ago to restricting the treaty power?

He would have done it, too (as of course he or another might yet), but for another aspect of the institution. This is the aspect that permits the ultimate minority—a single member, however junior—to taunt and to torture, gravely to tutor and then to triumph over, the majority and the graybeards of the Senate. In 1954 such a Senator, Hennings of Missouri, with unanswerable logic broke the Bricker Amendment, in a body theretofore committed to it by two to one.

The bar associations, the patriotic societies, the letterwriters—none of these would listen to Hennings. But the Senate would, and did.

Tom Connally.

THE SOUTHERNER: The peculiar one-party system of the Southern states and the tenacity of Southern loyalties have throughout our history kept the Senate in picturesque members who, because of political and personal longevity, grow to be senior and powerful all out of proportion to the power of their states. Valuable as these men often are for independence and philosophical turn-of-mind, they usually also display eccentricities that drive theorists to drink. Tom Connally did yeoman labor as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee under two liberal Presidents for nine years although he always looked like a pal of Henry Clay's. His most endearing trait was that he said what he pleased when he pleased: once he announced on the floor that "Everything he [a brother Senator, listening at the time] touches is covered with the vomit of his spleen." On another occasion he explained the collapse of Nationalist China by informing his colleagues that, "Ole Chiang stole $300,000,000 and fled to Formosa."

THE LIBERAL: Hubert Humphrey demonstrates the plastic power of the Senate. As an ex-professor of political science, Humphrey was one of the first to take the highroad of logic at the Democratic convention of 1948 (the same year he was elected to the Upper House), which led to the bolt of the Southerners, the formation of the Dixiecrats, and the near-defeat of the national party. Once in Washington, however, Humphrey found that a little charm and compromise were indispensable if he expected to accomplish anything whatever. His geniality in the face of convictions he loathes eventually inspired charges from some old friends that he had gone over to "reaction." He hasn't; he has proved both his liberalism and his political sense by deeds like bringing off a *unanimous* vote for the establishment of an independent commission to review the Government's entire loyalty-security program.

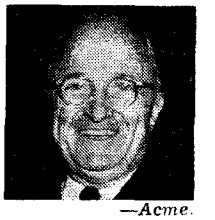
—*Acme.*

Hubert Humphrey.

—*Wide World.*

Robert A. Taft.

THE PARTISAN: The career of Robert A. Taft will be almost incomprehensible to anyone who does not understand the function of the Senate. Although Taft was as famous for his ambition as his integrity he stood foursquare in the opposition for nearly his whole public life: against the social-welfare innovations of the New and Fair Deals; against our concern with Europe and our part in World War II; against an active promotion of the international community after the war. Then, when events seemed to give him the chance to play a positive role in his times by running for President, he was rejected at two conventions of the party which had for years acknowledged him its most outstanding leader. He died a "Senate-man": a stubborn individualist who used the forum to denounce unceasingly any and all invasions of the liberties of the individual.



—*Acme.*

Harry Truman.

THE PRESIDENT: Harry Truman is the most recent of thirteen Senators who "graduated" into the Presidency, a remarkably low number considering the power of the institution. Although Truman very soon had to take up his spear in the eternal war that rages between White House and Senate chamber, he carried over into his bigger office many of the attitudes of his old one. He is history-minded; he has faith in politics; he believes in compromise so long as compromise is possible. Most of all, he takes pride in his calling, the pride Senator Duff (Pennsylvania) exemplified when he said, "Any fool can make a million dollars." Not money nor power nor pressure of any kind can stay the genuine "Senate-man" from the completion of his appointed rounds.

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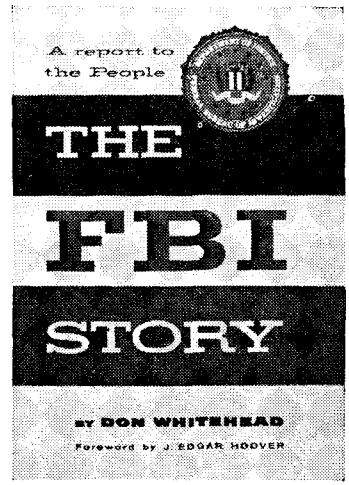
"The FBI Story"



Last week Random House was living a publisher's pipe dream. It had hoped for a respectably large sale for its new book "The FBI Story," but hardly the orders for 3,000 copies that were pouring in each day, with 50,000 copies already sold and prospects for 100,000 more within a month. Major credit for this extraordinary record is attributed to the FBI's efficient public relations organization, which enabled Washington correspondents to present the book's appearance as a national news event in the press and over the air and to the exertions of Ed Sullivan, Walter Winchell, and other outspoken admirers of the FBI's J. Edgar Hoover. To appraise the political and social implications of the book and its subject SR *has asked Allen Churchill to report on the book and two men who in general approve of the FBI (Morris L. Ernst, George E. Sokolsky) and two who have reservations (J. L. Fly, Malcolm Sharp) to comment.*

By ALLEN CHURCHILL

SOME time ago Don Whitehead, two times Pulitzer Prize winner with a notable record as a war correspondent in Korea, requested permission to "report the story of the FBI—a story which, curiously, had never been told in its entirety." In the summer of 1955 Mr. Whitehead got his permission. All but the most secret of FBI records were placed at his disposal, and he was allowed to ask questions of everyone concerned, from J. Edgar Hoover down.

His story has been published as **"The FBI Story: A Report to the People"** (Random House, $4.95). The author's determination to cover the FBI "in its entirety" makes it necessary for him to handle cases in sketchy, newspaper-rewrite fashion. Still, it is the first complete story of the FBI and as such gives a look at what might be called the underside of American history. Little of what Mr. Whitehead tells is actually covered in our histories, yet it all reflects the times nonetheless.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation was organized on July 26, 1908, by Theodore Roosevelt, to assist him in fighting big-business greed and the thievery of public lands in the West. It was then, the author says, "a disorganized and loosely directed agency without character or discipline," staffed mainly by political appointees. In 1915 it was "a small and inept force . . . totally unequipped to deal with the clever German sabotage espionage and sabotage ring of World War I." Shortly after 1920 the FBI attained under Warren G. Harding an almost comic-opera ludicrousness, with the atrocious Gaston B. Means practically in charge of the Bureau.

But there was also a hard core nucleus of young-men-with-integrity. One such was J. Edgar Hoover, who refused to let Means set foot in his office. After Harding died, and the scandals of his Presidency erupted, the hard-bitten Attorney General Stone recommended young Hoover to President Coolidge as Director of the Bureau. Seldom in history has the right man fitted so neatly into the right job.

J. Edgar's first decision was to get rid of the political appointees and staff the Bureau with young lawyers and accountants with a taste for danger. This new-type law enforcement was greatly needed, for by the end of the Twenties gangsters were running wild over the country, first with the help of Prohibition and then, in the Thirties, because Repeal left them free to concentrate on bank robbery and kidnaping.

Next to J. Edgar Hoover the hero of "The FBI Story" would seem to be Franklin D. Roosevelt (and there are those of Mr. Hoover's detractors who say this fact galls him). But it was FDR who took the ball that was the FBI and really ran with it (Hoover's somewhat passive concept of his position had always kept him from asking more jurisdiction). Shortly before World War II Roosevelt increased the duties of the Bureau to include spy-catching and here readers get an unexpected view of Bureau activities, which now extended south of the border. The material Mr. Whitehead presents in this chapter is fresh and new.

During the postwar years the Bureau concentrated on Communists in Government and broke the Klaus Fuchs-Rosenberg case. An upsurge in crime brought such cases as the Greenlease kidnaping. Mr. Whitehead concludes with the hot-off-the-press Victor Riesel case, currently in the courts and the country's newspapers.

—Acme.

J. Edgar Hoover—". . . right man . . . in right job"?

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The Social Value of the FBI

A Leading New York Lawyer Points Out Often Overlooked Benefits

By Morris L. Ernst

"THE FBI STORY" is a work of high craftsmanship, a thriller containing a great number of movie scenarios that at the same time includes a treatment of the social effect of a national constabulary.

Despite J. Edgar Hoover's desires to the contrary I am fearful that the thrills of pursuit and capture evidenced by the G-man with a gun have made the organization, in the public mind, a modern cross between Robin Hood and the Knights of the Round Table, thereby distorting its more profoundly important social aspects. To Mr. Whitehead's credit, he discusses in sober fashion many of the dire problems that require constant scrutiny of our public toward the scope and work of the FBI. I will mention just a few of the problems which Mr. Whitehead makes the reader face up to.

The documentation garnered by the FBI with respect to subversion, both Communist and bigot, indicates a sober, continuous historical compilation of data unknown to most Americans. However, if the public image of the FBI had been somewhat different the people of our Republic could have undercut the Dies-McCarthy patterns of "investigation" at the cost of individual liberty, since we would have questioned whether any witness should have been called by a committee if the FBI had previously gotten his full story. Moreover, I happen to agree with Mr. Hoover's original objections to driving the Communists underground, a political process which compounded the difficulties of the FBI. In fact, the problem is still pertinent because the increasing leadership of the bigots in opposition to the decision of our highest court on desegregation could be better brought within democratic control if the above-ground philosophy of the FBI had been adopted in our land.

Another aspect of profound importance in this volume is the relation of the FBI to city and state crimes. In practically every case where a local public is outraged liberals demand the injection of the FBI, little realizing the soundness of Mr. Hoover's position as to the danger of a national police not only because of concentration of power but because of the resulting devitalization of local police agencies. Then again we read about the problem of the sanctity of records and the virtually insoluble problem of the acceptance by the FBI of information as to anti-social behavior unattainable except on a pledge of anonymity. Mr. Whitehead's references to this point hit the problem: Should we increase the capacity for criminal behavior by closing ears to anonymous information, or should we run the other risk of having the Executive Branch accept the dire burdens of proper evaluation and screening of material obtained only on pledge of nondisclosure?

Because of the public's undue emphasis on the pursuit-and-capture side of the FBI it seems to me regrettable, especially after reading Mr. Whitehead's volume, that the people of our land are so ill informed about the high educational values of the FBI Academy, which has graduated more than 3,000 students. Through this academy and through the creation of standards for reporting of information from local constabulary we have raised the standards of behavior and attitudes of local police in a way that no other force could have evoked, with a result that is now seeping into the local police practices of most American cities. The policemen attending the academy are given instruction on handling of civil liberties and civil rights cases in a fashion that would meet the high standards of the American Civil Liberties Union.

I have minimized personal reference here to J. Edgar Hoover, even though I hold him to be one of the valuable public servants of our generation. I do so because institutions are more important than men and it might be fatal to the organization if his contribution were to be further exaggerated into one of those complexes seen increasingly throughout the world euphemistically called a "personality cult." In fact the publisher would have done well to have omitted Mr. Hoover's introduction.

—Acme.

Halo for Mr. Hoover?

The Former Chairman of the F.C.C. Has Some Reservations

By James Lawrence Fly

THE FBI is a really great organization. Under J. Edgar Hoover its list of achievements is most impressive. It is to be doubted that a different organization or another man could have accomplished so much. The rub comes in the never-ending effort to fit the halo. Any angel can tell you that this is a damnably hard job. But Hoover is good at this, and Don Whitehead is a very competent writer. The book is their joint all-out effort to do just this. The result is a one-sided contentious brief. On the trivia it is syrupy. In the major clinches it is self-righteous, and every critic or opponent is oh, so wrong. In many of these areas the presentations run the gamut from one-sidedness and bias to deliberate omissions and sheer falsities.

Many are the crimes committed in the beguiling name of "security." Time and again the Congress has rejected Mr. Hoover's efforts to modify or repeal Section 605 of the FCC Act, making wire-tapping a criminal offense—this in order to protect the privacy of communications, the various confidential relations safeguarded by our basic law, and to effectuate the policy of the Fourth Amendment forbidding unauthorized search. No single statute is more closely related to the American Bill of Rights. Hoover, degradingly, is the chief violator, and has thus brought about a complete breakdown of enforcement. By finagling he gets the flimsy shield of a directive to commit the offense.

Mr. Hoover himself is so frightened of his "legality" on wire-tapping that on the eve of an important trial, contrary to law, he ordered the destruction of all evidence of wire-tapping. Perhaps most startling of all Government forms is the one used to destroy

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evidence. This printed form also calls for its own destruction once its mission is performed. This was exposed in court only because in haste the agent forgot to destroy the order.

Administratively Mr. Hoover has accomplished a great deal in the building of a widespread, smoothly working, efficient organization. Probably no organization has a better grade of men at the operating level. The criminal world has felt its powerful impact. To these thousands of men great credit is due. With their record they must have had capable direction and preparation. This phase is marred only by Hoover's claim of originating the training and the standards. Actually it was A. Bruce Bielaski who first set up the training schools, and it was he who laid down the standards for merit appointments and for law-school graduates.

Hoover is a sundowner. Discipline is hyper-strict, perhaps necessarily, and this reaches into the utmost detail, even trivia. Perhaps the one weakness is that substance is subordinated to form. Some fine agents have hit the skids as a dossier is accumulated on erased words, irregular margins, and a pipe in the desk drawer. There is a ruthless requirement of subservience to the director—even in violation of a higher duty.

Pathetically naive is Mr. Whitehead's story of a move to set up a nationwide local, state, and Federal police force with Hoover at the head, but with Hoover thrice rejecting the crown. Every informed person of the era knew that this scheme could never take on serious substance. In the glory of jurisdictional victories, the authors choose to forget that the President cut the director down when he attempted to move in on the Board of War Communications.

FACTS are stubborn things. They seldom die even with an author's refusal to face them. For months before Pearl Harbor the FCC fed the FBI the Tokyo-Berlin enciphered messages. Hoover requested discontinuance because of inability to break the code. But FCC continued the deliveries. Even the vital "wind messages" were in Hoover's hands three days before the attack which those messages directed.

Hoover was on a New York weekend as our fleet went down. Meanwhile, within the hour under White House guidance, this writer had closed down all communications to and from the enemy embassies. The FCC's Radio Intelligence Division had laid the finger on the German Embassy transmitter before it could establish contact with Berlin. Returning, Hoover's first order of business was to complain to the White House that the Commission had encroached upon his prerogatives in dealing with the communication companies.

It is a *sine qua non* of a democracy that the channels of responsible public criticism be kept open. This phase of democracy Mr. Hoover cannot tolerate. He prefers not to answer on the merits, for this might be unpleasant. If the critic is destroyed the voice is suppressed. Even in Mr. Whitehead's book one is more than once warned that any critic is *ipso facto* a reactionary liberal, fellow traveler, or Communist. Usually Mr. Hoover's stooges of broadcasting and the press smear on the red paint furnished by the FBI direction. Don Whitehead can read, and there is much documentation for him to have read on this point. But to do so would have blurred the heroic picture he set out to produce.

—INS.

Corps Outside Politics

An Influential Columnist Hails the Discretion of the FBI's Director

By George E. Sokolsky

THE problem that has faced J. Edgar Hoover since becoming director of the FBI has been to operate a bureau of investigation charged with specific responsibilities under the law without expanding it into a national police force which could by numbers, appropriations, and power usurp the authority of local police. He has rejected the concept of a national police force.

This is the heart of Don Whitehead's book "The FBI Story." There is a foreword by J. Edgar Hoover, in which he lays down the fundamental principle of this organization:

> . . . I wish to state emphatically that the FBI is not and never can be a national police organization as long as its development continues to be on cooperative lines. The most lasting contributions made by the FBI have been those which encourage cooperation with local, county, and state law enforcement agencies . . .

Further, Hoover says:

> We are not a policy-making organization. The FBI is a service organization which is subordinate to the Department of Justice. And that is as it should be. The FBI should never be permitted to become an independent agency operating without the checks and controls under which it now operates.

The problem of writing a book such as this is baffling, for the temptation must be tantalizing to play cops-and-robbers on every page, Don Whitehead has avoided fancying up the story and has rather limited himself to factual but exciting reporting.

His account also points to the most serious danger that the FBI faces, namely, that the time might come when someone would try to use this agency for political advantage.

Its files are now sacrosanct, but they are raw files and much that is in them has not been "worked." The FBI objects to anyone, even the highest officials of our Government, seeing raw files because until they are fully "worked" false conclusions may be reached. To the FBI no data is ready for use unless it can be presented in a court under the rules of evidence. On the other hand, no data should be discarded, no gossip, no leads, because one day these imponderable items may be the precise ones that lead to the capture of a kidnaper or an automobile thief or a spy. In a word, while it has tremendous value to the trained agent, the raw file can be unjust, unfair, harmful in the hands of those who cannot tell the difference between hearsay and checked data.

But there is greater danger of political use, particularly in periods of war scares when honest and patriotic citizens organize to safeguard their country and sometimes go about it the wrong way, invading the rights of other citizens. The FBI had unfortunate experiences at its inception with such enterprises, particularly with vigilante groups which acted for it. Its total reorganization became necessary and Attorney General Harlan F.

(*Continued on page 27*)

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Writers' Shop Talk

"Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey: Letters," selected and edited by Leonard Woolf and James Strachey *(Harcourt, Brace. 166 pp. $4.50), presents previously unpublished selections from a correspondence between the distinguished British novelist and the distinguished British biographer. David Daiches, author of a short study of Virginia Woolf, is our reviewer.*

By David Daiches

VIRGINIA STEPHEN and Lytton Strachey were both born into distinguished Victorian families which were closely associated in the middle of the nineteenth century. Their friendship might have been predicted. They shared a common social background, literary interests and ambitions, a taste for what might be called intellectual gossip, and an unusual combination of skepticism and imagination. Looking back at them now in the light of their published works we can distinguish clearly between the luminous poetic quality of Virginia Woolf's vision of life and the clear if sometimes superficial brilliance of Lytton Strachey's artful patternings of history and biography.

But in November 1906 (the date of the first of the letters now published as "Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey: Letters"), when Virginia Woolf was still Virginia Stephen aged twenty-four and Strachey was twenty-six, the similarities between them were more in evidence than the differences. Indeed, in reading their relatively meager correspondence over the years between 1906 and December 1931 (the latter date was only a few weeks before Strachey's death) we are struck by the similarity of style and tone. It is difficult at times to tell them apart; both are rather self-conscious, deliberately clever and literary, unable to forget that they are writing to a fellow professional. Leonard Woolf and James Strachey, brother and husband respectively of the two correspondents, who edit this volume, comment in the preface on this self-consciousness and explain it by saying that "each was a little wary of the other: in writing to each other they were always on their best behavior, and never felt so much at ease as they did in their dealings with people whom they admired and respected less."

Partly as a result of this self-consciousness, and also because of the relative fewness and shortness of the letters, Virginia Woolf's side of the correspondence reveals much less of her problems as woman and as writer than her recently published "Diary." But the letters on both sides are bright, clever, often amusing, sometimes highly artful. They show a satiric and a bawdy side of Virginia Woolf that is not revealed in the novels. They also confirm the impression we get from the "Diary" that she was sensitive to criticism and eager for praise for her novels, especially from those whom she admired. "Ah, how delightful to be praised by you!" she writes to Strachey in October 1919 when Strachey has written her (in a letter, unfortunately, lost) praising her second novel, "Night and Day." And when Strachey proposes that he dedicate his "Queen Victoria" to her she is delighted: "Ah—but this is what I may have dreamed of, but never hoped for. What could I like better?"

These two writers both loved and admired each other. (Strachey once proposed marriage to Virginia, but realized his mistake at once and withdrew in time—wisely, for they were meant to be friends, not husband and wife.) "What a devil you are not to write oftener—considering your command of the language," she writes to him; or she praises "Queen Victoria": "Indeed, it is quite magnificent, better as a whole, I should say, than the other. I've seldom enjoyed anything more. I suppose the chief marvel is the way you spin the story perfectly straightforwardly, never a line slack, and yet contrive those wonderful little portraits, one after another, each exactly in its place, illuminating, without interruption or fuss or for a moment stopping, it seems, to go on talking simply."

On his side Strachey is equally appreciative, lyrical in praise of "Jacob's Room": "I finished Jacob last night—a most wonderful achievement—more like poetry, it seems to me, than anything else, and as such I prophesy immortal. The technique of the narrative is astonishing—how you manage to leave out everything that's dreary and yet retain enough string for your pearls I can hardly understand. I occasionally almost screamed with joy at the writing."

IT IS interesting to see Strachey revealing frankly to Virginia Woolf his hatred of the Victorians, about whom he wrote with such malignant wit. "Is it prejudice, do you think, that makes us hate the Victorians, or is it the truth of the case. They seem to me a set of mouthing bungling hypocrites. . . ." Mrs. Woolf can't quite take this: "I don't suppose," she wrote back, "I altogether agree about the 19th Century. It's a good deal hotter in the head than the 18th." To which Strachey replies: "It's the Victorians I hate—not the nineteenth Century."

—*Portraits from the book.*

Lytton Strachey—". . . clever . . . amusing."

Virginia Woolf—" . . . highly artful."

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A Poet's Lady

"Mrs. Longfellow," edited by Edward Wagenknecht *(Longmans, Green. 255 pp. $5), is a selection from the letters and journals of the second wife of the popular nineteenth-century poet-professor. Here it is reviewed by Maxwell Geismar, author of "Rebels and Ancestors" and other books on the American literary scene.*

By Maxwell Geismar

VERY little is known about the second Mrs. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow today except that she was a woman entirely devoted to her husband, her children, and her home. Perhaps the dates of her life are necessary in the title of Edward Wagenknecht's "Mrs. Longfellow: Selected Letters and Journals of Fanny Appleton Longfellow (1817-1861)" to remind us which Mrs. Longfellow she was, and which Mr. Longfellow. The poet-professor of Harvard, so famous a century ago, has been given back to the Indians and the schoolchildren; there has been little interest in his work or life until Mr. Wagenknecht's biography last year.

His new book is a skilful combination of Fanny Appleton's early journal and her letters, and there is no doubt that she was from the outset a cultivated and engaging literary lady—almost destined to marry a professor and a poet. There are curious overtones of eighteenth-century wit and frankness in her observations that reach well into the heart of nineteenth-century domesticity.

She came from a wealthy, respectable, and civic-minded family, textile manufacturers, bankers, and politicians. Her own only early interests were centered on books and authors, the stage and the arts. She grew up in the dawning universe of the New England Transcendentalists. Women's rights were in the air too, and Fanny was not left untouched.

FANNY in her grand tour of Europe in 1836 was not too impressed by Longfellow's first visit. He had brought over his ailing first wife to die in the Low Countries (the familiar obverse of the European trip for those who could not stand the harsh climate of Boston or New York). He had found, in his restlessness, the soothing influence of German Romanticism at Heidelberg; he was much taken by the pert, bright young society girl whom he met in Switzerland. "Prof. Longfellow sends

—*Longfellow House Collection.*

Fanny Longfellow—"... wit and frankness."

up his card to Father," Fanny wrote in her journal. "Hope the venerable gentleman won't pop in on us, though I did like his 'Outre-Mer'." They discussed the ballads of Uhland, Shelley, and Nathaniel Willis along the shores of Lake Brienz, and Longfellow grew younger to her enchanted vision.

Yet there was a curious lapse in their relationship after this bright beginning—there was indeed a strained period of "courtship" that lasted over six years. Fanny's comments on the Professor were acid at times, and it was during this period, too, that her religious experience grew more intense; her fear of her own morbidity increased in her own mind, and she began to stress the nineteenth-century notion of "morality" in art. Even Goethe seemed coarse and "vile"—the familiar epithets of sexual repression—to the suffering woman, who had earlier rejoiced in every aspect of Parisian culture. Longfellow had in fact celebrated their first meeting in the classical strains of "Hyperion" but, like most of her sex, Fanny Appleton would have preferred the human reality to the literary honor.

"The Prof. has collected all his vagrant poems into a neat little volume christened mournfully 'Voices of the Night'," she said again. "He does not look like a night-bird and is more of a mocking-bird than a nightingale. . . ." Mr. Wagenknecht does not attempt to explain this curious—and cruel—courtship period in the present volume; but one might suspect that Longfellow himself was "expiating" the guilt of this sudden new attraction in his life directly after his first wife's death. "I should never have ventured to speak so frankly to you," Fanny wrote to him in the year of their marriage, "had I not believed the dead Past *had* buried its dead, and that we might safely walk over their graves, thanking God that at last we could live to give each other only happy thoughts."

And indeed a better dawn appeared to have "exorcised the phantoms for aye" in Longfellow's mind for the remaining years of their marriage. Here Fanny was entirely content at last with her poet and the children whom she adored. The major interest of her letters turns outward to the pre-Civil War scene, where Clay and Webster and John Brown and Mrs. Stowe would play, in the Fifties, their destined roles.

There was, unhappily, still another kind of tragedy in store for this bright and charming woman who willingly and even passionately devoted her life to the domestic sanctities. On July 10, 1861, while sealing a child's lock of hair in a paper package, her gauzy dress caught fire, and she burned to death in her husband's arms. The phantoms in the poet's mind were not to be denied; and the walls of the Brattle Street mansion were now twice haunted.

LETTERS FROM ELIA: It is hardly surprising that Charles Lamb, whose personal essays show great charm and variety, should also exhibit these felicities in his personal letters. His letters by themselves illuminate much of the man and his character, his sister and his friends, his passionate love of London, and his catholic and intelligent taste in literature. In **"The Selected Letters of Charles Lamb,"** edited by T. S. Matthews (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4) we have a judiciously balanced group of these letters in a compact, readable format.

His favorite topic is, of course, himself; but one is never bored by his egotism, for he regarded his vices without hypocrisy and his virtues without smugness. His major virtue was his life-long selfless devotion to his sister during her frequent mental illnesses. But his attractiveness as a letter writer goes beyond revelation of character to include his many interests. The unexpected contrasts of subject matter and the wide variety of style—ranging from solemnity to whimsical fun and reckless punning—make his letters consistently entertaining.

Mr. Matthews's introduction is lively; his annotations are too few. He depends, necessarily, on the standard three-volume edition of E. V. Lucas, although recent scholarly investigation proves that text to be inaccurate. Still, for the lay-reader this selection is an excellent sampling.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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Nazi Merchantman of Death

***"Ship 16," by Ulrich Mohr and A. V. Sellwood** (John Day, 255 pp. $4), is the story of the secret German raider* Atlantis, *which sank twenty-two Allied merchant and passenger ships during World War II. Walter Magnes Teller, author of "The Search for Captain Slocum," is our reviewer.*

By Walter Magnes Teller

IN THE spring and summer of 1940 Germany fitted out a number of merchant ships as disguised raiders. They were faster and more powerfully armed than British armed merchant cruisers, and were aided by reconnaissance aircraft as well. Between April and June five such ships slipped through the British blockade of German ports and entered the Atlantic. A sixth undertook the northeast passage to the Pacific by way of the north coasts of Russia and Siberia.

A threefold objective was laid down for their conduct: to destroy or capture enemy ships; to dislocate shipping movements; and to force the dispersion of British warships to counter the menace. "These well-conceived tactics," Churchill wrote in his war memoirs, "caused us both injury and embarrassment. . . ."

By the end of September 1940 the German commerce-raiders had sunk or captured thirty-six ships amounting to 235,000 tons. All told fifty-four ships were lost to them in 1940; forty-four in 1941; thirty in 1942; six in 1943.

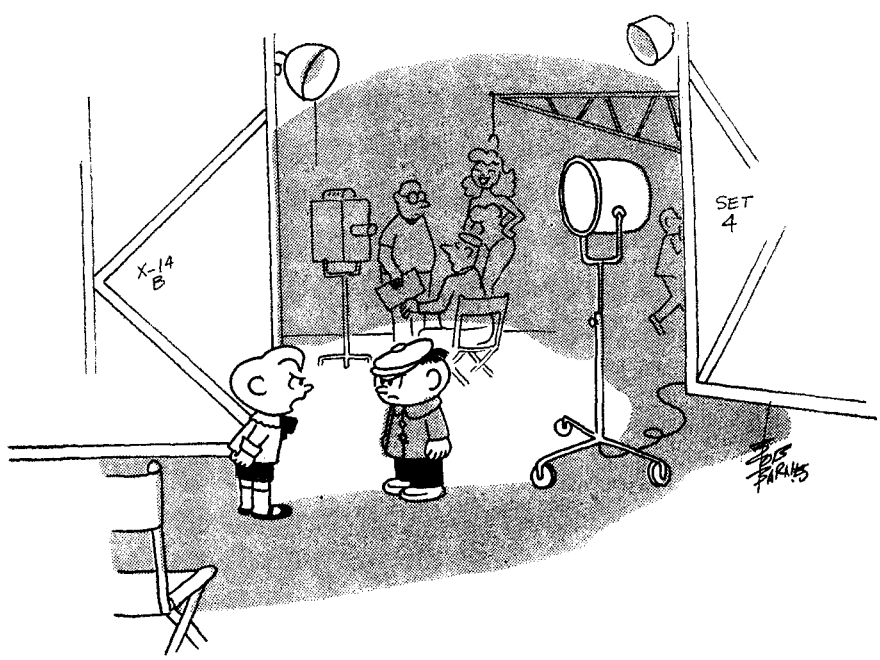
One of these surface raiders was known to the British as Ship C; to Berlin as Ship 16. Actually, states Ulrich Mohr, who served as an officer aboard her, she was the 8,000-ton freighter *Goldenfels*, bottled up by the British Navy since the start of the war. Secretly she was converted, armed, and rechristened *Atlantis* and, says Herr Mohr, she was the first surface raider to break loose. Disguised first as a Russian merchantman and flying the Soviet naval ensign, she managed to enter the North Sea to begin "the most damaging and far-reaching sea-raid in history." To establish the claim Ulrich Mohr and A. V. Sellwood in "Ship 16: The Story of the Secret German Raider *Atlantis*" say that in the twenty months before she was in turn sent to the bottom she sank twenty-two merchant and passenger ships, "nearly a fifth of all merchantmen sunk by our surface warships."

Ship 16, the raider, carried six 5.9 inch guns, four concealed torpedo tubes, machine guns, mines, false decks, dummy funnels and cranes, and faked lading. Once past the British patrols she headed south. Beneath the Southern Cross she broke out her buckets of paint, painted the name Kashii Maru on her stern and the Rising Sun on her sides the better to hide her gun flaps. She was now a neutral Japanese merchantman, "her seeming innocence a cloak for what promised to be the nastiest and most hazardous of missions."

FROM first success to last it was indeed a peculiarly nasty business and it is wonderful how that nastiness in depth shows through the journalistic disguises. There was Officer Fehler, the dynamiter, whose job was to sink ships after they were disabled. He had "an approach to buccaneering embodying the inquisitive desire for research and experiment of a laboratory professor. A practical joker who enlivened his leisure hours by such pranks as injecting quinine into other people's toothpaste tubes, he carried a flare for the handling of high explosives and a delight in big bangs. . . ." There was Gunnery Officer Kasch, who was "far more interested in the mathematical satisfactions derived from such encounters (shelling the passenger liner *Kemmendine*) than in the physical impact of his theories upon the human element at the shell's receiving end." There was Mohr himself, the officer-apologist, pillaging cabins and bars and rifling mails. When December 25 came round it was Fehler, the detonator, who made Christmas decorations, while Rogge, the captain, played Santa Claus to his crew with loot snatched from victim ships.

In her several guises and employing all sorts of deceptions Ship 16 lured her targets within range. She seldom gave a signal to heave to or fired a shot of warning. "I had better explain," says Herr Mohr via Mr. Sellwood, "that to fly a flag other than one's own is accepted under international law as a legitimate ruse of war, with the one proviso that no open act of hostility takes place until the disguise is dropped . . . hence . . . our creation of that special tube from which our battle ensign could break out only a second before our guns opened fire."

Yet when Ship 16 was finally trapped by the warship *Devonshire* the *Devonshire* fired the warning shot to halt. Ship 16 in her final bluff answered that she was the British merchantman *Polyphemus*. However, she could not give the secret signal: the Germans had not been able to crack the British code. Even so the *Devonshire* radioed the Admiralty to check on the real *Polyphemus*'s move-



"Whaddaya mean, your dad can lick my dad—your dad *is* my dad!"

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ments. Only after she got her reply did she let Ship 16 have it. She sank her from a distance of almost ten miles and left the survivors to be picked up by the nearby U-boats which the raider had hoped to refuel.

"Ship 16," masked as a tale of men against the sea, is actually a weapon of the German military class. Her story as told by one of her officer elite is camouflaged Nazi apologetics, an attempt to justify the Fatherland. Morbidly fascinating as propaganda, as a handling of facts it isn't convincing.

AROUND THE HORN: The last time this landlubber sailed around the Horn it was on the prose of the redoubtable Alan Villiers, back in the uneasy Thirties. **"The Last Grain Race"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4), Eric Newby's sparkling account of his voyage on the four-masted barque *Moshulu*, reawakens the old excitement. In 1938 Newby, a reluctant apprentice in a London advertising agency, was persuaded to indenture himself to the owner of the last great fleet of commercial square-riggers afloat. His love of the sea and the blandishments of an adventurous old windbag named Mountstewart, who had once voyaged on a clipper ship (as a passenger) made Newby's choice an easy one. Life on the *Moshulu* turned out to be far different from anything the author or the intrepid Mountstewart had envisioned. For one thing, Newby had to learn the ABC's of seamanship in a great big hurry (he was ordered "op the rigging" of the 198-foot mainmast before he had time to change his shoes). For another, he had to learn the ABC's in Swedish, the tongue in which commands were given. By the end of the voyage Newby had mastered the elements of both sailing and Swedish.

The voyage of the *Moshulu* in 1938-1939 from Belfast to Port Victoria, and back again to Cobh, was the last that this steel-hulled sailing vessel was to make in the grain run. In fact it was the end of this exciting form of commerce itself, for the square-riggers finally vanished from the grain trade with the Second World War. "The Last Grain Race"—which Mr. Newby has filled with information, nostalgia, and unusual wit—is a fitting epitaph. —MARTIN LEVIN.

VANISHED VESSELS: Readers who are lured to Alan Villiers's **"Posted Missing"** (Scribner, $4.75) because of the tremendous drama implied by the tragedy and mystery of vanishing ships may be disappointed. On the other hand, anyone interested in the serious aspects of ships going missing in this age will enjoy the usual competent, seamanlike qualities that characterize the work of a widely-known mariner, writer, and lecturer.

In his preface Captain Villiers passes on the somewhat surprising information that "not one voyage in 30,000 from anywhere to anywhere stands a chance of ending in a vessel being posted missing" before stating the object of his book: "And, yet, every now and then there is something like the rather surprising case of . . . the fine big, new motorship which goes missing without as much as a distress signal."

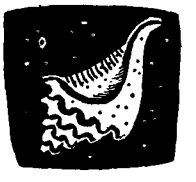
Small British, Norwegian, and French craft are covered in half of the book's eight sections. Having conned the data available, Villiers reconstructs the probable last hours of life aboard the little ships and follows the tragedies to courts of inquiry.

A final division, headed "Tramps," deals with modern ships that may have foundered for various reasons. A converted American LST that disappeared off the United States East Coast and the freighter *Pennsylvania*, a Pacific casualty, are the only American ships which rate detailed notice here. —FELIX RIESENBERG, JR.

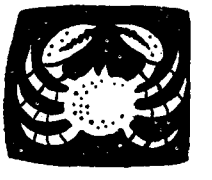
LOVE LETTER TO THE LINERS: Apparently it was Addie Clark Harding's intention in **"America Rides the Liners"** (Coward-McCann, $6) to write a book that expressed her great love for liners. Endeavoring to place her story in a proper setting, she has prefaced her personal account with a brief history of ships and maritime activity in America since its earliest beginnings—an effort that takes up nearly half the book. Obviously neither Miss Harding nor her helper, Garnett Laidlaw Eskew, had sufficient knowledge of the subject to write adequately. Old legends, such as that the schooner was invented in Gloucester, are cited as facts. The authors skip from one tense to another, and they crowd their pages with clichés, like ships on the New York waterfront. There is an abundance of quoted conversations that in all probability never took place. Worded in the best late nineteenth-century dime-novel manner, they make tortuous reading.

The second half of the book, in which Miss Harding is more familiar with her subject matter, is somewhat better. She has voyaged on most of the world's great liners and remembers them as beloved friends. The writing, however, continues depressing until the end. —ERNEST S. DODGE.

DULY NOTED: **"The Naked Warriors,"** by Commander Douglas Francis Fane and Don Moore (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $5), tells the story of the development of our Navy's underwater demolition teams, or frogmen. Devoted as it is exclusively to the activities of these units in reconnaissance



The Margin



By Philip Booth

WHERE, cast away, I wake from numb surprise
to map the island that my doubts surround,
a chance perfection makes my wonder wise.

The surf churns still, but a long perspective lies
beyond the breakers, calm and finally round
where, cast away, I wake from numb surprise.

Questioning long silence, I learn to prize
a rock pool that the thousand tides have ground;
a chance perfection makes my wonder wise.

Survivors too, plovers with piping cries
dip down to that green pool my salt hands sound
where, cast away, I wake from numb surprise.

Fed by a small sea fed by the great sea's rise,
I salvage the design by which I'm bound;
a chance perfection makes my wonder wise.

I find myself as I first colonize
the margin where original order's found:
where, cast away, I wake from numb surprise,
a chance perfection makes my wonder wise.

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of beachheads before invasions and in demolition of beach-defense obstacles, the book would be somewhat repetitive if it were not so careful about showing how techniques developed under the stimulus of successive operations. Here, larded with plenty of human-interest items, are hitherto unpublicized accounts of the work of the frogmen at Tarawa, Kwajalein, Okinawa, Normandy, and Korea.

"Exploring the Deep Pacific" (Norton, $3.75) is the work of Helen Raitt, wife of a geophysicist at the Scripps Institute of Oceanography, La Jolla, Calif. In 1952 and 1953 the Institute sent two refitted ocean-going tugs, loaded with special equipment and highly trained scientists, to conduct research on the nature of the Pacific ocean floor at various places on a rough arc stretching thousands of miles around the Marshall, Fiji, Samoan, and Marquesan island groups. Mrs. Raitt went to Fiji to meet her husband's ship and spend Christmas with him, and wound up making the rest of the expedition as a working member of the otherwise all-male crew. Her story of the voyage is a chatty combination of traveler's impressions of native life in the South Seas and layman's explanations of the mysteries of oceanography. It would have been a stronger book had the author been able to concentrate more on one or the other subject, but it makes pleasant and informative reading as it is.

"By Sea and By Stealth," by Burke Wilkinson (Coward-McCann, $3.50), treats several subjects that are intertwined: underwater demolition, which as a branch of warfare goes back certainly to the invention of explosives and probably earlier than that; attacks by small craft with so little freeboard as almost to be underwater, and midget submarine attacks. The daring Italian attacks against the Austrian Fleet in Adriatic ports during World War I and against the British battleships *Queen Elizabeth* and *Valiant* in Alexandria harbor have given the Italians a deserved reputation as the founders of such warfare in modern times. Wilkinson tells of their exploits with verve and excitement to match the nationality of the heroes, and then goes on to the related subjects of midget submarine attacks against the *Tirpitz* in Norway, our own Pearl Harbor, the German-held ports around Antwerp, and U-Boat commander Gunther Prien's unparalleled exploit of penetrating the British base at Scapa Flow to torpedo the battleship *Royal Oak*. This is not a well-organized book, but it is stuffed with exciting incidents.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

AUTHOR IN THE NEWS

For just one day
Or some sad piece of time
Let us have our poetry written
by the mathematicians
And our science
by the poets

In these unfunny words Steve Allen, who is no mathematician but who is currently one of the country's television luminaries (he has been appearing nightly on the NBC program called "Tonight" and on Sundays on "The Steve Allen Show"), recently made his debut as a poet. The occasion was a 177-page collection of uncomical but frequently sensitive and/or clever poems entitled **"Wry on the Rocks"** (Holt, $3). This is Mr. Allen's second book of the year. His **"The Funny Men"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), an exceedingly professional analysis of the country's top TV comics, came out last spring. Last year he wrote two other books: **"Bop Fables"** (Simon & Schuster, $1), a book in which, by means of modern jazz jargon, such nursery favorites as "The Three Bears" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" are retold as "Goldilocks and the Three Cool Bears" and "Jack and the Real Flip Beanstalk," and **"Fourteen for Tonight"** (Holt, $3), a collection of sincere and intelligent, albeit somewhat hardboiled, short stories.

To the country's book reviewers serious books from the pen of a TV funny man would ordinarily seem noteworthy only because of the name and the fame of their author. The Allen books have proved different. Said Gilbert Millstein, writing in *The New York Times* of Mr. Allen's short-story efforts: "[They are] completely professional in every respect." With this verdict a large segment of the reading public has made clear that it agrees; to date it has bought approximately 18,000 hard-cover copies of "Fourteen for Tonight" (and a couple of hundred thousand paperback copies, too), 50,000 copies of "Bop Fables," and 11,000 copies of "The Funny Men." Mr. Allen's poorest seller to date: "Wry on the Rocks," which despite public apathy (and much uneven work on the part of Mr. Allen) may well contain some of his most original work. One short example which almost belies Mr. Allen's television background:

It's hard to avoid saying "as they say"
Since almost everything they say
Is a cliché
And so are they
(as they say)

At thirty-six, Steve Allen today is probably one of the most versatile men in the field of writing. As a result of his theatrical flair, inherited from vaudeville comedian parents, he has reached the top of television, has written more than 200 popular songs, and has even starred in a movie, "The Benny Goodman Story." As a result of his writing bent, acquired as a journalism student at Arizona State Teachers College, he has been a columnist for *Cosmopolitan* and for *Downbeat*. His hours for serious writing have been hard to come by, occurring mainly in an almost sound-proof studio in his Park Avenue apartment between the hours of two and four a.m. following his nightly TV performances. For years, in addition to his four published works, he has been working on an autobiographical novel. For years he has been saying that if he ever quits television he will become a full-time writer. Now for the first time it looks as if Steve Allen might be a little closer to the fulfilment of that prediction, for at month's end he plans to leave his "Tonight" show, thereby providing himself with more time for serious writing.

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The Antipodes Come of Age

***"A Book of Australian Verse," selected by Judith Wright** (Oxford University Press. 266 pp. $2.40), brings together more than a hundred years of writing from Down Under.*

By John Holmes

AUSTRALIA seems so far away from everything, to be going on about developing a poetry of its own. We used to say that about an aunt who had moved out of our neighborhood, but she said the same thing about us finally. The family likeness with American poetry is here to see, though Australia has begun and brought her poetry to vigorous adult life much faster than we did. Judith Wright, one of the best of present-day poets there, has made "A Book of Australian Verse," a new collection spanning about a hundred years, to show how her fellow countrymen have faced the special problems of turning Australia into poetry. She does not try to exhibit the most locally famous or even the most influential poems and poets, nor does she attempt historical completeness. Others have done this sort of thing. She shows us poetry now, and its hope.

It is evident that earlier Australian poetry was either hearty verse in ballad or swinging description or rather thinned-out derivative stuff. Both kinds were to be expected, the busily exploiting settlers shouting the ballads and the less extrovert perhaps feeling homesick.

The two kinds of verse continued, however, and it has not been until the last thirty years, the period emphasized in this book, that Australia has produced poetry of first quality, completely indigenous, a flowering admirable, exciting, and beyond need of comparisons. It is itself and come of age. Vigor is still one of its notable characteristics, but it is an inner strength and a confident art.

FURNLEY MAURICE, who died in 1942 aged sixty, thought that he and his predecessors might have served as foundation for a later great Australian poet to build upon. Miss Wright thinks this attitude apologetic, and says it somewhat continues. The problem was not to make the unfamilar familiar, but unself-consciously never to think of it as unfamiliar and simply to write good poetry about life. There is amazingly little dependence on place-names for their associations or on strange, to us, flora and fauna, and this alone is evidence of growth beyond the colonial or down-under state of mind.

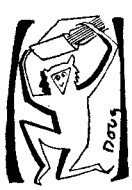
J. S. Manifold is a name familiar in our anthologies of war poetry; in this book he stands up as one of the best, among much else of excellence written about the last war by Australians. Kenneth Slessor and Robert D. Fitzgerald, both influential at present, both prolong and enrich the narrative tradition and are well represented. Younger poets are Ronald McCuaig, Elizabeth Riddell, Judith Wright herself, Francis Webb, and Ray Mathew, each with an individual style, a strong quality, not like anyone but himself. And there are many more, about forty men and women of this generation or writing in this decade and the one past. This is the best possible report of a varied and well-rooted poetic literature. Miss Wright thinks this now well-established tradition is narrow, and longs for its greater involvement in world issues. She feels too little poetry of importance has been written in Australia since the war, though the reader of this book feels quite the opposite judging by the age of the youngest poets in it.

A bibliography for the sources of all the poets included is given at the end of the book, a useful and furthering list showing what seems like a healthy activity, with the house of Angus & Robertson and the University of Melbourne Press accounting for the majority of books of poetry. This source-list, with Miss Wright's introduction, a survey written with authority and concern, makes this anthology a welcome and impressive up-to-date report on Australian poetry.

POEMS FOR THE SEASON: "Isaiah 'twas foretold it . . ." are some truthful words not quoted in Ada L. F. Snell's collection **"The First Noel: Animal Songs of the Nativity"** (Bookman, $2.50). But it is Isaiah's book nonetheless; and he is directly quoted (11:16) on the title page:

The wolf also shall dwell with
the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down
with the kid . . .
And a little child shall lead them.

This is a slender forty-seven-page offering of half-a-dozen familiar and perhaps fifteen unfamiliar poems and



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NONSENSE CENTO

Fannie Gross of Asheville, N.C., submits a patchwork poem consisting of lines taken from humorous works of sixteen famous poets. She asks you to name the authors and the titles. Sensible answers will be found on page 26.

1. I'm Smith of Stoke, and sixty-odd, I've lived without a dame—
2. A man who shaves and takes a train, and then rides back to shave again.
3. They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain;
4. I think that somewhere in the game, I wept and told my maiden name.
5. If a Constable draws near, my skin goes cold and stiff with fear;
6. But give me a sly flirtation by the light of a chandelier.
7. I rides in de creenwood, mit helmit und mit shpeer,
8. (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
9. All the little Oysters stood and waited in a row;
10. They seem a little soft, they do around the chin and torso.
11. Talk of Tides of Love, great Caesar! You should see them—Eb and Flo.
12. And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.
13. Mongrels, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree,
14. They do not keep awake till three, nor read erotic poetry.
15. The monkey chatters in the tree without a point, incessantly.
16. Fiddle, we know, is diddle; and diddle, we take it, is dee.

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One Hundred Years of Woodrow Wilson

Culver.

WITH the passing of time the birth of a boy in a Presbyterian manse at Staunton, Va., 100 years ago this Friday has assumed increasing importance to the United States and the world. During his lifetime Thomas Woodrow Wilson, who studied at North Carolina's Davidson College, New Jersey's Princeton, and Maryland's Johns Hopkins, who taught history and political science at Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan, and Princeton, who won national fame as a writer on government and American history, who served successively as president of Princeton, governor of New Jersey, and President of the United States, was a man bitterly hated and warmly admired. The progressive program of his first years in the White House and his leadership of the nation in its First World War are but dim memories today; only now is the cloud of controversy that enveloped his work as chief architect of the League of Nations and his fight to win American participation in it clearing away. As the United States has gradually abandoned its isolationist stance and assumed a large role of leadership in world affairs his prophetic vision and his claims to greatness become clear.

To mark Wilson's centenary six books have been published in recent weeks. The checklist below will give some notion of their nature and their usefulness.—R. W., Jr.

WOODROW WILSON. *By John A. Garraty. Knopf.* $2.50. A volume in the Great Lives in Brief series. An impressionistic portrait, honest in scholarship and attractive in style, that devotes a rewarding amount of space to his youth and academic career.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE POLITICS OF MORALITY. *By John Morton Blum. Little, Brown.* $3.50. A volume in the Library of American Biography series. A frank, often blunt analysis of Wilson's character as it affected his contemporaries and their time. The tragedy of Wilson, Mr. Blum makes clear, lay both in himself and the men with whom he had to deal.

THE GREATNESS OF WOODROW WILSON. *Edited by E. Bowles Alsop. Rinehart.* $3.95. A score of essays on Wilson's life and work written by as many scholars, journalists, and public men. Among those present: Virginius Dabney, Walter Lippmann, Harold W. Dodds, Dag Hammarskjold. Although the tone of most is not uncritical, it is always friendly and oftentimes admiring, as befits a volume prepared expressly for the Woodrow Wilson Centennial Celebration.

WOODROW WILSON AND COLONEL HOUSE. *By Alexander L. George and Juliette L. George. John Day.* $5. A study by two political scientists of the complex and in many ways enigmatic personalities of the World War I President and his chief adviser on foreign affairs, together with an analysis of the relationship between them. Fascinating as a study in human relations, important because of the destiny the two men held in their hands.

A CROSSROADS OF FREEDOM. *Edited by John Wells Davidson. Yale University Press.* $6. A collection of speeches Wilson delivered during the 1912 Presidential campaign. A useful reminder of Wilson's interests in domestic reform.

WILSON: THE NEW FREEDOM. *By Arthur S. Link. Princeton University Press.* $7.50. The second volume in Professor Link's monumental biography ("Wilson: The Road to the White House" was the first) covers the first two years of the Presidency, when Wilson was concentrating on domestic reform, and foreign problems consisted largely of Latin American matters. Mr. Link puts emphasis on Wilson the developing practical politician rather than Wilson the dreaming idealist.

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carols about the birds and beasts who helped to celebrate the birth of Christ. "Who were the first to cry Nowell?/ Animals all, as it befell," wrote Kenneth Grahame in "The Wind in the Willows." This suggests, of course, a children's audience for what the editor has gathered together. But these are really not just children's poems, or even poems especially for young people. They are largely traditional, forgotten, and unexpected stanzas to which it would be difficult to add, but from which one might subtract an item or two; and they can and will command an audience of any age. An odd company of authors, to be sure: Christina Rossetti and Belloc, Herrick, R. L. Gales, and John Alexander Chapman, among others. Intermingled with their poems are traditional carols and translations—and one lovely (shortened) verse by none other than Dorothy L. Sayers. Could there be *nothing* by Helen Waddell?

The charm of the whole would be considerably less without the careless freedom and gaiety of the many pen-and-ink drawings by Sybil Clark Fonda. There are two-and-one-half pages of notes for the curious reader. To me the loveliest poem beyond the Rossettis and the one Belloc (which I know) is the Angevin carol, "Quoi ma voisine," freely and finely paraphrased by Patrick R. Chalmers. But nearest I think to a child's heart and unstained mind are Frances Chesterton's "How Far Is It to Bethlehem?" and an English twelfth-century poem called "The Friendly Beasts."

Slight as this volume may be—and is—as against the cafeteria service of a large anthology like "The Oxford Book of Carols" or Lesley Frost's excellent "Come Christmas," a good reader will find here more than one poem for the sensitive and memorizing child. De la Mare would have talked about the poems in a more engaging way, but the book says on every page that Christmas is the great moment of childhood. As H. M. Tomlinson extends it, Christmas is a part of us forever. "And I come, for this night at least, to my room. On the wall is a tiny silver Christ on a crucifix: and above that the portrait of a child, who fixes me in the surprise of innocence, questioning and loveable, the very look of warm April and timid but confiding light. I sleep with the knowledge of that over me, an assurance greater than that of all the guns of all the hosts. It is a promise. I may wake to the earth I used to know in the morning."

—David McCord.

MALLARMÉ ENGLISHED: Of all the *poetes maudits* it is now clear only Stephane Mallarmé, the "dry" theoretician of symbolism, saw without dismay what Absolute lay beyond, and evolved a viable strategy for advancing upon it in poetry. Of course, the poet in

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Defeatism in Contemporary Literature

A FEW years ago we were deeply concerned with the effect of television on people who sit down of an evening with a book to read. The fears of publishers and editors have proved to be groundless for several good reasons. With few exceptions, the quality of the more or less antique motion pictures purchased from Hollywood by the thousands was too poor to rival the large number of entertaining and worthwhile books brought out by our publishers. In addition, there was an increasing flood of paperbound books selling for seventy-five cents to $1.25. It is safe to say that more Americans are reading than ever before.

Two world wars altered for a time the quality and range of our fiction. After Germany was defeated in 1918 we had the Lost Generation, the young esthetes who fled back to Paris and the Riviera to write, an amazing number of whom became excellent novelists after they had recovered from that strange mental aberration called "Dada." James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" may be an extreme example of "Paris-ism," for this almost incomprehensible book appears to be the work of a man who was both a genius and a madman. The American writers of the late Twenties and early Thirties—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, Dos Passos, and others—created the literary climate of the time, giving readers an awareness of an artistic mission.

The Second World War had a totally different effect on the young men who came back from the battlefields of Africa and Europe. Unlike their predecessors a quarter of a century earlier they had lived through eight years of a severe Depression which left its mark on nearly all of them. Many of them wrote their war novels, among them John Horne Burns, Alfred Hayes, Robert Lowry, Merle Miller, Vance Bourjaily, Norman Mailer, Gore Vidal, Paul Bowles. Most of their work has been labeled machine-made, for it lacked the perspective and narrow scope of the men who fought the Kaiser's War. They dealt with whole armies and divisions, and vast battles in which the individual was lost and the hero was non-existent; they wrote of the sad aftermath of defeat and hunger and fugitive sex adventures in Italy or North Africa. None of them could compare with Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," Cumming's Enormous Room," or William March's "Company K" of World War I.

WITH few exceptions, including John Hersey and James Gould Cozzens and a few others of their stature, the postwar books attempted, like their predecessors, to create a new literary atmosphere. One critic, looking back, stated that "if the struggle of the new writers to make a dramatic affirmation of value could be plotted on a graph, the result would be a parabolic curve extending from zero to zero." It was not so much the result of the war but of the long, dreary Depression in which these young men were brought up.

They could not see the extraordinary wave of prosperity and energy which swept over the country after D-day. They could not emulate Hemingway's virility, and regional literature vanished, with the exception of William Faulkner's tenacious hold on the Deep South. But they could use violence and the various manisfestations of sex.

After a young writer's single war novel, in which a dramatic plot was offered to him by courtesy of the U.S. Army or Navy, it was necessary for him to create characters and situations. Only a few of them could manage to do so effectively, though their obsession for sexual misbehavior and sadism had the power to shock a more or less innocent public. There was an unfortunate obsession with homosexuality, a subject which only a few writers in the past had dared to use. Also, they profited by exaggeration of our racial problems, Jew versus Christian, and especially the colored race versus the whites, in which more Negroes were lynched than in the whole history of the Klu Klux Klan and its predecessors. At its worst or its best it was lurid journalism. John W. Aldridge, in his "After the Lost Generation" of five years ago, wrote that "homosexuality and racial conflict seem to be the only discoveries which the new writers have been able to make in the area of unexploited subject matter."

Nevertheless, the books were reviewed at length, and many were highly praised for offering something as new and as old as sin to the literary scene. It would be interesting to know how many of these writers who hoped to create the new literature of the United States are remembered today. The optimistic pseudo-scientific utopias of H. G. Wells are out of date and George Orwell's horrendous and satirical view of Britain in the year 1984, or Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," have reflected, or indeed induced, the belief that the cause of freedom was doomed. "To most thoughtful men," Joseph Wood Krutch writes, "it has generally seemed that theirs was an Age of Confusion and to some greater or less extent we always belong to a lost generation," or he might have added, to a generation which was about to be lost.

It is true that no novelist, philosopher, or political historian of today would have had the temerity to conceive that in a period of only two months the adamantine, neolithic structure of Soviet empire would be shaken to its roots by the revolt of the common people of a satellite nation, or if they had knowledge of the weakness of international Communism would have dared to prophesy the victory of democracy in his own day. To the intellectuals optimism is a word to be scorned; to the novelist terror is a more profitable theme than hope. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NO ANNIE OAKLEY

I AGREE MOST heartily with Louis R. Burns (LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, *SR* Dec. 8) on the silliness of restrictions on children's reading. My eight-year-old daughter wasn't denied Freud or Tolstoy but, of all things, the biography of Annie Oakley! It was "out of her age group." Failing at Annie Oakley she tried a book of biographies of great American women. But no—this volume too was not for children.

The worst of this situation is, it seems to me, that Mr. Burns, myself, and others like us are branded as "snobs" by our neighbors, who demand that our children conform to some "average" of intellectual development. Let's do something about it before it's too late.

ROBERT W. LIDDELL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO LEARN THE GOOD

I THINK THE cult of "groupism" in reading explains why Johnny can't read. During my course in library school I fought continually with people who believed in the cruel and unusual punishment of denying books to the young. It's only the person who has read widely who will ever be able to read well. We learn what is good by reading the bad.

JOHN E. GEORGE.

Dallas, Texas.

HEADFIRST PLUNGE

WHEN JOHNNIE reaches the age at which he begins to enjoy reading and begins to look around for good books he discovers that some sanctimonious nincompoop has stocked the children's library with treatises which are little better than the "Pluck and Luck" stories, and that he can't use the "adult" library until he's sixteen. If these characters would just leave him alone he'd probably turn up with Van Loon or Sandburg—and love it. But take his choice away and you kill all his interest.

We can never produce a well-educated or mature younger generation unless we allow it to plunge headfirst into that great sea of authors who are currently considered too weighty for young people. Johnnie *can* read—if we let him.

GAYLORD ROCKWELL.

Providence, R. I.

WORLD WAR I's LOSSES

MEMORIES OF World War I are fading when Mrs. Anne Fremantle can write (*SR* Nov. 24) that the dead in "The Kaiser's War" numbered "over a million."

This is true, but a notable understatement. World War I's dead is reckoned at 8,538,315, with total casualties 37,508,686. Even a nation as remote from the fronts as Australia suffered 67,000 war deaths from a population of 4,000,000, and had more battle casualties (not war dead) than the United States. (I am an Australian.) Four nations—Russia, Germany, France, and Austria-Hungary—lost more than a million dead each. The enormous civilian and other casualties of World War II, particularly on the Eastern front, may tend to obscure these gigantic losses of the earlier holocaust.

S. S. BROWN.

North Tarrytown, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Of course, you know what happens to workmen who build secret passageways."

SENATOR NEUBERGER EXPLAINS

IN REFERENCE to the plan which I have proposed (*SR* Oct. 27) for ending financial abuses in our election campaigns, I should like to reply to some of the inaccurate criticisms of that proposal by R. P. Knuth of Jefferson City, Missouri (*SR* Nov. 17).

Mr. Knuth complains because "any dissenting Congressman or Senator would soon find himself without funds." Today, under our indiscriminate private financing of political parties, the national committees have the right to refuse funds to any candidate whom they regard as rebellious. Furthermore, under my proposal the candidates still could raise money in their own behalf—but only at the rate of $100 from each donor. This would prevent benefactions from being so large as possibly to create unwise obligations.

Mr. Knuth also insists that my proposal would exclude minority parties. This is not true. Under the plan any party polling 10 per cent of the total popular vote would qualify for participation. This would have admitted the Bull Moose Party of 1912 and the La Follette Independents of 1924, both genuine grassroots revolts. It would have excluded the Communists, the Socialists, the Dixiecrats of 1948, and the Henry Wallace Progressives of the same year—and, I submit, these would be sound restrictions because those movements failed to represent substantial public sentiment in America.

Mr. Knuth also claims my scheme would not apply to primaries. I have a corollary bill prepared which would make available financing in primary elections to all candidates on an equal basis, at so much per voter. However, candidates would have to post a bond of half the Federal contribution, to prevent frivolous or extremist nominees from merely running "for the purse." This is similar to the system which has worked well in England and Canada to discourage crackpot candidates from cluttering the ballot.

I admit that my plan is not perfect, but we shall find ourselves increasingly at the mercy of huge financial contributions in politics unless we take some bold steps to curtail the preponderant influence of money at election time. Theodore Roosevelt was ahead of his era when he foresaw our present danger as early as 1907.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER,
United States Senator.

Washington, D.C.

CATEGORICAL?

CARL VAN VECHTEN is being very categorical when, in reviewing her new book (*SR* Nov. 3) he calls Marian Anderson "the world's most celebrated singer." How about Renata Tebaldi and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf? Not to mention Miss Callas?

MAX G. BETTELHEIM.

New York, N.Y.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

● The Williams-Kazan Axis

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On December 11 Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, made public a long-awaited revision of the famous "Hays Code," which has presumably regulated Hollywood's treatment of controversial subjects like narcotics, prostitution, and abortion since 1930. The film "Baby Doll" won the seal of the old code, though it picked up a "condemned for all" rating from the Legion of Decency and was attacked by Francis Cardinal Spellman as a "defiance of natural law." However, no code revision can settle the subtlest questions posed by this movie. Tennessee Williams is one of America's most famous and influential living playwrights; Elia Kazan is one of our best and most influential directors. Whether or not a moral stand is taken on the values of "Baby Doll," whether critics decide it is a realistic or super-stylized sketch of Southern society, there is no doubt that this movie is a* peculiar *artistic product that demands a close scrutiny. It is to analyze this "peculiar-ness" that* SR *has asked both our film and drama critics to discuss the Williams-Kazan collaboration.*

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS's degenerate Southerners have become very much a part of our time. With the appearance of **"Baby Doll"** (Warner Brothers) no less than four films based on his plays have been translated for that most cautious of the popular arts, the movies. Even "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" is being planned for production. Some twenty-five years ago, when the American theatre was dominated by Odets's militant social consciousness, Williams's sick, neurotic people would have been unthinkable on the Broadway stage—nor could many of them have passed through the needle's eye of the Hays Office. It is tempting to think that twenty-five years from now they may be equally anomalous.

Elia Kazan, one of the most gifted directors of the American stage and screen, has come forward as the man best able to interpret and bring Williams to life. He has done three of his plays for the theatre, two for the films. Of these "A Streetcar Named Desire," which he directed in both media, became as much his own triumph as the playwright's. Kazan added the dimension of reality, the warmth of human feeling to characters who were repellent because of the lurid and degraded sexual patterns that dominated their lives. For sex is the special pay-dirt that Williams has found—with the Deep South the mother lode. It is a bizarre kind of sexuality that fascinates him, a sexuality rooted in lustful drives, abnormal appetites, and, in "Baby Doll," calculated revenge. His heroines are invariably crippled, besmirched, or simple-minded. His heroes—or, better, his male protagonists—are incapable of either giving or receiving love as part of a normal relationship. For substitutes there are Kowalski and rape, the drunken clown in "Rose Tattoo" who forces himself on an amorous widow, the Peeping Tom husband in "Baby Doll," and the cool Sicilian with the whip he never uses.

Kazan's peculiar cinematic gift is an extraordinary ability to invent scenes with the camera that will shock and disturb the viewer in strange, almost intangible ways. From the stage he brought a flair for drawing strong, naturalistic performances from his players—as evidenced by such early films as "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," "Boomerang," and "Gentleman's Agreement"; but in all of these—even the semi-documentary "Boomerang"—the sense of recorded performance was dominant. Their interest lay more in Kazan's handling of personal relationships than in his handling of the camera. In 1950, however, he turned out a hard, taut crime melodrama, "Panic in the Streets." "Panic" was all style and no substance—and one of the best cops-and-robbers pictures of the last decade. Its place in Kazan's career has probably been underestimated because of its lack of content, but it seems to have been this film that first awakened him to the potentialities of the camera. Here are the striking, off-angle shots, the dramatic lighting, the daring long-shots, and intense close-ups that were to characterize his later work. Here are the long, nervous tracking shots, the harsh black-and-white photography, the swift tension-building editing—and the climactic violence—that have given, at the very least, a surface excitement to all subsequent Kazan films.

Nevertheless, "Panic in the Streets" was a distinct come-down for the man who had only recently established himself as the leading director on Broadway by staging successively "Streetcar" and "Death of a Salesman," the two most influential plays since the war. Not until 1951, when Kazan produced the film version of "Streetcar," was it felt that the studios were using him on material commensurate with his talents. "Streetcar" was drama, not melodrama, and it dealt with characters of tremendous emotional and evocative power. If Williams's story smelt of the sewer, it had at least the virtue of being authentic sewer. And Kazan, with his eye for detail and the small scene, proved that he could translate an overwhelming theatrical experience into an even stronger film. Although the picture was almost directly derived from the play, remaining close to its original structure and setting, he used the camera as never before to give cinematic expression to each climactic moment. He emphasized the cramped squalor of the Kowalski flat by forcing his actors into corners crowded with cheap, battered furniture and stained and peeling wallpaper. He threw a merciful soft-focus filter over the lens whenever he photographed Blanche's ravaged face, preserving her "magic" until the cruel moment when Mitch turned a naked light bulb full on her. His camera darted crazily about the room to convey Blanche's panic and incipient madness in the rape sequence. More significantly, Kazan supplemented Williams's theatrical symbolism—the blind flower-woman, the everlasting "blues piano" off stage—with such specifically filmic devices as the face in the broken mirror at the moment of Blanche's mental breakdown and the hose washing trash into the street immediately after the rape.

"BABY DOLL," in case you have somehow overlooked the huge twenty-four sheet posters announcing her arrival, is a beautiful, vacuous, petulant Southern girl (Carroll Baker) who at nineteen still sleeps in a crib and sucks her thumb. Although married to middle-aged Archie Lee (Karl Malden), she refuses to consummate her marriage until she is, as she delicately puts it, "ready." Archie Lee, breaking under the strain, is further incensed by a flashy Sicilian (Eli Wallach) who has recently managed to force his decrepit cotton gin out of business. Aunt Rose Comfort (Mildred Dunnock) completes his household, a timorous creature who creeps off to the county hospital at every opportunity to eat the chocolates of her ailing friends. When Archie Lee in sheer desperation sets fire to Vacarro's rival mill the vengeful Italian moves in to settle

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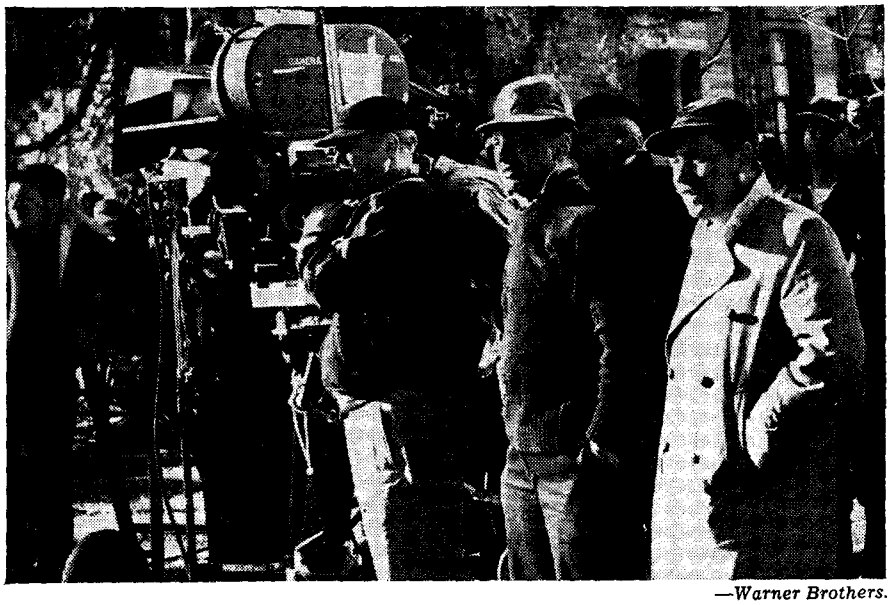
scores in his own way—tit for tat, an eye for an eye, a wife for a cotton gin. The screenplay, an "original" written by Williams (although based on two of his earlier short plays), centers almost entirely on the bizarre sexual conflicts of these people. At times it is riotously funny.

BUT any comparison of the published screenplay with the completed picture reveals at once how much of the cinematic effectiveness of "Baby Doll" is due to Kazan's direction. From the very first black-and-white shot of a decaying, once-aristocratic mansion the camera adds life and dimension to the script, delighting in empty rooms, crumbling walls, and littered grounds, the dust of a small town's main street and the stark boards of a ramshackle mill. Kazan plays most of his scenes itchingly close to the principals. The sardonic, half-humorous seduction of Baby Doll by Vacarro, for example, staged partially in the battered hulk of an old Pierce-Arrow, partially in a scaley garden swing, ends with a lingering full-screen close-up on the clear, vacant, flustered features of the girl—a perfect combination of flawless direction, camerawork, and performance. Their ensuing hide-and-seek through the empty house, from a grotesque shot of Vacarro bucking on a rocking horse to a frantic chase through the halls with light bulbs swinging wildly and sudden appearances and disappearances as in a Sennett comedy—this is the sort of scene that could never be reproduced on paper. Indeed, the script itself gives no suggestion at all of its hysteria, its neuroticism, or its surging sexuality. Throughout the entire film Kazan's tempo is furious. Every effect is sure. The textures of the photography, the intensity of the performances, the atmosphere of moral and physical rot—all are sustained by sheer technique. And, while the people may be unsavory and their ending equivocal, for two hours Kazan makes them utterly, obscenely fascinating.

There is no concealing the fact that, though technically "Baby Doll" is Elia Kazan's most skilful film to date, it is also one of the most unhealthy and amoral pictures ever made in this country. Williams's Southerners are presented frankly for what they are: simple, lustful, and crude. Neither the writer nor the director has assumed any moral position toward them. Each lives out his shabby life completely by his own lights, convinced of his own rightness, able to excuse or justify the most outrageous conduct. But, though the motives are invariably mean, petty, or corrupt, there is no explicit condemnation. The script makes no effort to reward the good and punish the wicked. Kazan's approach to these characters strongly resembles the technique of Balzac and Flaubert, two authors whose work he greatly admires. "Baby Doll" is presented as another chapter in the human comedy, sketched with considerable amusement, some sympathy, and a tremendous gusto for the authenticating detail. Kazan seems not unlike the Negroes in his film, watching everything with a quiet smile but personally disengaged. If he has any strong personal conviction about these people, any private resentment or objection to their way of life, it is kept well hidden behind the smile.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



—*Warner Brothers.*

Elia Kazan, Tennessee Williams (both at right) and crew watching filming of "Baby Doll."

● The Boundaries of Tennessee

THOUGH his printed verse does not establish him as a first-rate poet, Tennessee Williams's plays contain more poetry in the wider sense than any other living American playwright.

This is a tough statement to make, as Maxwell Anderson, Thornton Wilder, Paul Green, Clifford Odets, Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, Robert Sherwood, Elmer Rice, William Saroyan, Philip Barry, S. N. Behrman, and William Inge have all brought great integrity and skill into a sizable body of dramas of which the American theatre can be justly proud.

Though Williams does not use symbols consciously his plays are rich with them: the glass-menagerie unicorn that loses its horn when dropped by the clumsy gentleman caller; an elegant automobile of bygone days whose reduced condition stands for the obsolescence of gracious living; a shabby portmanteau of fragile dreams hurled from a window when a romantic is forced to move from a luxury hotel to a fleabag. And, of course, the sudden bursts of fireworks that represent the giddy and temporal ecstasy of living. These symbols tend to recur from play to play so that everything he writes relates to a total personal world, a quest for existence matched only by O'Neill. Like O'Neill, Williams turns the naked light-bulb on the sore spots of his universe. He abhors phony resolutions; he believes we all go to our graves wondering. He has no answers; he refuses to sit in judgment on people. Furthermore, he is a humorist—a very great one.

Is there a basic flaw in Williams that blights his work? I don't know. There are flaws, of course. He is not much at constructing a plot, and plot elements in his plays tend to stick out and suggest conclusions that were not intended. He has a compulsion to dredge up bits of human degradation that are not always essential to the play. And lastly, because he is a sensitive romantic, Williams has an insecurity which sometimes leads him into giving in to inferior suggestions from stronger people rather than to do nerve-shattering battle for his own judgment.

His relationship with director Elia Kazan is a case in point. Williams recognizes the dangers of submitting to Kazan's strong personality, but he simultaneously cherishes its qualities in a show-biz world he feels incapable of coping with by himself. Kazan, on the other hand, works on the theory that it is part of the director's function to produce a play in such a way

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as to make the playwright's attitudes and personality come over the footlights with greater intensity than is explicit in the script. In "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" he persuaded Williams to do extensive rewriting. He also used a poetic setting rather than the realistic one Williams had intended. Probably much of the stylization that is attributed to the Williams of "Streetcar," "Camino Real," and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" is really the influence of Kazan, who believes that this stylization is bringing out the playwright's personality. Kazan and Williams both make the strongest possible effort to remain great friends. When together they joke about and exaggerate the phony aspects of living. Thus, one feels that Kazan encourages Williams to laugh at the world's falsities without the discipline Williams might normally apply. But, while encouraging excesses of uninhibitedness, the director also tends to remove a certain antisocial flavor by persuading Williams to make his antagonists more likable, and by getting him to come up with softening after-thoughts like the suspense-ending of "Baby Doll," which negates the hardboiled ending of "Twenty-Seven Wagons Full of Cotton."

ANOTHER charge against Williams is that his treatment of sex onstage is not only false but also an unconscious attack on heterosexuality. Here one man's opinion is as good as another's. My own opinion is that in general Williams takes true sexual situations and exaggerates them for heightened dramatic effect. As for his attitude towards heterosexuality, I believe he feels that the majority of women tend to emasculate their husbands and their sons, and that the best kind of love is any that has the opposite effect.

The final charge against Williams is that he is a minor rather than a major playwright. This might be true if he wrote wholly of sexual misadventure. But it should be apparent that, while many of his plots seem concerned with short-range sexual activity, and many of his characters seem motivated by purely sexual drives, Williams's own concern is usually with larger issues: the destruction of beauty, the crushing of the sensitive and romantic by the insensitive and unromantic, the sense of honor in a dishonorable world. It is this greatness of outlook that gives Williams a sense of honor in a world which he sees as more debased than we like to admit.

—HENRY HEWES.

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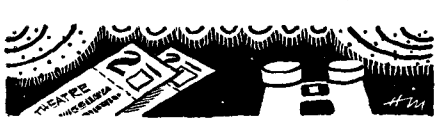
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Musical Comedies—"Sold Out"

NO ONE who collects memorable performances will want to miss Judy Holliday in **"The Bells Are Ringing"** or Ethel Merman in **"Happy Hunting,"** but as musical comedies both are examples of good ideas gone wrong.

In the former we begin with an endearing character, Ella Peterson, a telephone-answering-service employe who cannot resist spreading kindness to unsuccessful clients by bringing the right parties together. But before we are able to muster up much compassion for her, or her pathetic crush on a famous client, a comic detective bursts in to put her under suspicion for being a less respectable kind of "call girl." To sabotage audience concern even further she soon erupts into the comic song "Is It a Crime," making fun of her own nature. From this point on we might just as well be watching a revue; rewarding numbers are interspersed with dull stretches of more-or-less unimportant story material: Miss Holliday crawling on hands and knees around a strange man's apartment; a screw-ball dentist who composes pop tunes on an air hose using any words he happens to hear for inspiration; Miss Holliday in sloppy jeans (in a magnificent take-off on young actors' imitating Marlon Brando) lazily scratching her stomach and mumbling, "Whose motorcycle is that parked in front with Gadge Kazan's picture on the seat?"; a very funny scheme whereby a bookie places bets in code by phone by pretending to order records; a marvelous number in which an operatic chorus of bookies rehearses the code names (the high spot when they are thrown Handel and chant back "Hialeah" as if they were singing "Allelulia"); and, finally, a wonderful spoof of the traditional "take me home" type of show tune titled "I'm Goin' Back to the Bon Ton Brassiere Company."

The dancing opportunities are limited, but there is one typical Bob Fosse cha-cha danced by Ellen Ray in stylish tight trousers and a kidding of cheap nightclub glamor titled "The Midas Touch." The songs by Betty Comden and Adolph Green are pleasant with a distinguishing satirical edge, yet there is a lack of sparkle in production and a lack of faith in a good fundamental emotional situation that makes "The Bells Are Ringing" an unmagical musical.



"HAPPY HUNTING" is a horse of the same color. Again we have an endearing character, Liz Livingston, a brassy, candid American widow who decides to buy a royal husband for her Philadelphia daughter only to fall in love with her own purchase. But before we get to Liz we must be exposed to such a dose of mediocre comment about the Grace Kelly wedding that the main story has a considerable debit to overcome. Even our first exposure to the millionairess reveals her in a piece of phony behavior for the benefit of the press. This weakens an integrity that we are later asked to believe is more attractive than any "social graces."

Authors Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, long esteemed as the Brooks Brothers of show business, show further signs of degenerating into second-class tailors. In "The Prescott Proposals" for Katherine Cornell, "The Great Sebastians" for the Lunts, and now "Happy Hunting" for Miss Merman the pattern is the same: a good idea destroyed by transfusions of jokes of the wrong blood-type or periodically abandoned in favor of odd notions. L. & C. feel under some compulsion to end scenes with gags that are old and tasteless. The notion of having Liz talk to a horse who nods in response would have been fine if limited to one or two surprise nods. But, as prolonged, the device calls attention to its own mechanics, and a blackout bit in which we are flashed a glimpse of the horse's behind to finish a half-completed sentence cheapens the whole show. When near the end L. & C. must find a way to keep things going they invent a feeble little scene in which Liz halfheartedly refuses to let her royal fiance marry her because of her money. Such experienced craftsmen as Lindsay and Crouse should at the very least have prepared the audience for this development.

Perhaps if they had fallen in love with what at moments seems the best-fitting character Miss Merman has ever played the audience would have, too. Miss Merman's first entrance in a lampshade hat, her second with a million dollars worth of jewelry pinned to her pajamas, a "snappa your fingers" routine called "We Belong to a Mutual Admiration Society," and a patter song delivered in cock-of-the-walk manner titled "Mr. Livingston, I Presume"—these are all glorious theatre gems whose luster is only partially dimmed by the tired surrounding material. Miss Merman, looking a bit like O. Soglow's Little King, carries on better than ever after six years' absence from Broadway. She is as relaxed as Rex Harrison, gives herself as completely to an audience as Ray Bolger, and for once the brassy loud voice is not antithetical to the role she is playing. Her supporting cast has its virtues, too. The tall handsome Fernando Lamas receives gasps of admiration from the distaff side of the audience. Gordon Polk is a gauche new comedian with a bright future. He is adept at a number like "Don't Tell Me" and he is naively charming with a ballad like "She's Just Another Girl." Virginia Gibson lacks zing as the ingenue, but she pulls herself up to adequacy with application and technique.

The score, by newcomers Matt Dubey and Harold Karr, follows musical conventions, and while the songs do not quite achieve a joyous show-stopping overflow you are apt to find yourself singing them a couple of days later despite your better judgment. "We're Up to Here With the Wedding of the Year" and "We'll Do It All for Love or Money" are two in this category. But the latter is also a good example of a good song that is extraneous to the show and should have been saved for a better occasion. The dance numbers are not only extraneous, they are embarrassing. The chief offender is a bit where Virginia Gibson does a toe dance while sensuously rubbing a beach ball against her body. Abe Burrows has staged the numbers well, and Jo Mielziner and Irene Sharaff have designed some gay sets and costumes, particularly a Philadelphia Hunt Club scene. However, it is a trifle disappointing to find Mr. Mielziner in his debut as a producer not encouraging Mr. Mielziner the scenic artist to do something more imaginative. For Mr. Mielziner has been the moving force in finding ways out of the "down-in-one" musical and of catching the essence rather than the literality of conventional decors like the shipboard finale of Act I.

"Happy Hunting" is bound to run for a couple of years, and Ethel Merman is a must for her fans and for those who have never seen her. Yet as a musical comedy both it and "The Bells Are Ringing" mix too much dross with their pure gold and too much adulteration with their fancy.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Orchestras in Carnegie, "Festival" on TV

AMID such clamorous matter as Orff's "Triumph of Aphrodite," a Symphony for Strings by Honegger, and Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale," the persistent memory of recent concerts in Carnegie Hall on successive nights by the Philadelphia, Boston, and New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestras was the Bach "Wedding Cantata" ("Weichet nur, betruebte Schatten"). This possibly old-fashioned point of view was partially related to a smooth if somewhat effortful singing by Irmgard Seefried of the soprano's music, expert direction by Charles Munch, and adroit instrumental work by Ralph Gomberg, oboe, and Richard Burgin, violin—but rather more to the fact that in it nobody was trying to impress anybody, least of all Bach.

This, certainly, could hardly be said of Orff, whose "Triumph of Aphrodite" spends some forty minutes leading up to a piercing shriek from the soprano soloist (Hilde Gueden), signifying that she is no longer a maiden. Fortunately, it is a. legalized by wedlock, b. immunized by a Latin text. The resemblances to "Carmina Burana" and "Catulli Carmina" (the other elements of Orff's trilogy) are manifold—iterated chants, syllabifications on a single tone, boisterous outcries from a chorus of 100—and no doubt purposeful. But considering some similar tendencies in "Antigone" (as yet unheard here) there is some legitimate doubt whether Orff's hard-hitting techniques are in the interests of expression or merely of hard-hitting.

He is, unquestionably, a skilled craftsman and a keen student of sound-effects, in this instance devoted to portraying a primitive wedding ceremony, the exhortations of the guests (and especially a semi-religious Leader of the Chorus) who escort the bridal couple to their chamber and wait expectantly for the audible expressions of delight therefrom. Sex has rarely been so public and also so noisy as in "The Triumph of Aphrodite."

Basically, however, the work lacks the one prime quality associated with durable works of music—capacity for repetition. Having once sampled Orff's assortment of exclamations, exhortations, and agitations, it is highly improbable that they would have even shock effect the second time around. It all tends to suggest that Orff, at heart, is a conservative who does not trust his gentler impulses to make much of an effect on the world of, and by, themselves and has digressed to these vast structures and noisy clamors in search of an attention-getting mechanism. This last, it strikes me, is by no means the best of them.

IN ADDITION to performing the music for the bride capably, Miss Gueden exhibited her vocal agility in Zerbinetta's intricate air from Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" (the equally intricate score was wonderfully played by a nuclear element of Philadelphia virtuosi) and a Mozart air added to "Idomeneo" after its completion and not usually included with it. Entitled "Non temer amato ben," it joins a soaring violin obbligato (sumptuously played by concertmaster Jacob Krachmalnick) to a vocal line rather conventional by Mozartian standards. The same instrumentalist, artfully aided by his left-hand man David Madison, made for delightful listening in Vivaldi's "Echo" Concerto. The other soloists in the Orff (all capable) were Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass; Ethelwyn Whitmore and Katharine Constantine, sopranos. The Temple University Chorus performed with a mixture of rock 'n roll frenzy and the exquisite modulation appropriate to "We want a touchdown."

THE diminishing musical return incidental to an attention-getting device was also a consideration in Honegger's Symphony No. 2 for Strings. Here it is the use of a choir of trumpets to play a chorale as climax to a work previously restricted to the strings. In this rehearing under the direction of Charles Munch, the tonal texture sounded dryer, less interesting than it had originally, the resort to the brass effect a weakening rather than a strengthening factor.

For another in the series of concerts originally allotted to the late Guido Cantelli, the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra presented a Beethoven-Mozart-Stravinsky-Ravel program conducted by Leonard Bernstein, with Rudolf Firkusny as piano soloist. It was not of Bernstein's planning and possibly optimistic of him to undertake, for his strong beginning (Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture) and ending (Ravel's "La Valse") pursued some intermediate areas less certain.

As soloist, Firkusny chose to play the C minor (K. 491) concerto of Mozart, admittedly great and admittedly difficult. His musicianship and understanding were never in question, but the role in which he, as pianist, cast himself in this work was. That is to say, the projection of sound was too percussive, too forward, too separate from the orchestral background to make the kind of blend desiable. As Mozart concertos go, this is a "big" work; but certain aural values inherent in Mozart must be respected nevertheless.

Something of the same problem in

(*Continued on page 41*)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Thomas Hardy: "Epitaph on a Pessimist." 2. E. B. White: "The Commuter." 3. Ernest L. Thayer: "Casey at the Bat." 4. George Ade: "R-E-M-O-R-S-E." 5. Walter De La Mare: "An Idle Word." 6. Nathaniel Parker Willis: "Love in a Cottage." 7. Charles G. Leland: "Ballad of the Mermaid." 8. Thomas Hood: "A Parental Ode to My Son." 9. Lewis Carroll: "The Walrus and the Carpenter." 10. H. I. Phillips: "Study of a People." 11. T. A. Daly: "The Tides of Love." 12. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The Ballad of the Oysterman." 13. Oliver Goldsmith: "An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog." 14. Dorothy Parker: "Interview." 15. Samuel Hoffenstein: "Songs About Life and Brighter Things." 16. Algernon Charles Swinburne: "The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell."

ADDENDUM: Answer No. 10 to *Saturday Review*'s LITERARY I.Q. for December 15 was inadvertently dropped by a printing fluke. The answer was "Duke Lambert, in 'Death Takes a Holiday,' by Alberto Casella."

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The FBI Story

Continued from page 12

Stone appointed J. Edgar Hoover in 1924 to do just that.

Whitehead's book tells vividly of the dangers that beset a non-political bureau of investigation with limited police powers when forces attempt to use it for political advantage or to accomplish other ends than providing the data for conviction in a court of law.

In recent years the FBI has faced many difficulties in relationship to espionage and subversion. It is charged with the task of gathering data on both subjects. Whitehead makes the point:

> For twenty-five years Hoover had jealously guarded the integrity of the FBI's investigative files to protect informants and to protect innocent persons from the embarrassment of unevaluated reports, complaints, and insinuations accumulated in the course of an investigation, or received in unsolicited letters and phone calls.
>
> But in the Coplon case Attorney General Tom C. Clark overruled Hoover and permitted Government attorneys to place in evidence documents from the "raw files" of the FBI to comply with a bench order by Federal Judge Albert L. Reeves. Only a small portion of the information in the file was relevant to the Government's case against [Miss] Coplon. Much of it in the course of normal procedure would have been tossed out as a matter of course. The FBI files were ridiculed as a storehouse of gossip and the trivia were given prominence above all else.

Those who choose to misunderstand the nature of a raw file here had an opportunity to criticize the Bureau, even to ridicule it. For the reader who is interested Don Whitehead's study of the records and filing system of the FBI will prove valuable. It will also make it clear why the FBI declines to give information about people to those who make inquiries concerning alleged subversives and spies.

The world is full of hearsay; a fact is proved evidence. It is important to note therefore that in the matter of Harry Dexter White Hoover was so sure of the facts that he himself testified before a Congressional committee.

Don Whitehead's book is the first one written about the FBI by anyone who has had access to its records for the purpose of writing a definitive work.

—Acme.

FBI: Fantasy for Americans

A University of Chicago Law Professor Cautions Against Exaggerating Its Role

By Malcom Sharp

MAX LOWENTHAL'S book "The Federal Bureau of Investigation," published in 1950, was critical of the FBI and its publicity, and it produced controversy. Everything said in that book is confirmed, either explicitly or by marked silence, in Don Whitehead's "The FBI Story," which could not be more favorable to the FBI.

It is enlightening to compare Mr. Whitehead's accounts of plain but notable crimes before 1950 with those in Mr. Lowenthal's book and see how he has either ignored or accepted with deemphasis so many of the points made in the earlier book. It is salutary to read Mr. Whitehead's accounts of crimes after 1950 in the light of Mr. Lowenthal's principles.

For Mr. Whitehead, Hoover's FBI is the hero, though not a tragic one. As far as I can discover, he sees no defect or fault whatever in Mr. Hoover's work. He—or Hoover—has the grace to see to it that Hoover admits a few mistakes on the part of his men. As in the detective story, a number of unconscious or half-conscious and not easily reconcilable needs are satisfied by the fantasy of the perfect, aggressive, and protecting police. The fantasy may be useful or harmless, but it is worth observing coolly.

A comparable fantasy has created the FBI as our savior from the menace of Communism. But—and Mr. Whitehead recognizes this—the FBI did not play a leading part in the conviction of Hiss. He therefore treats the Hiss case as one phase of the loyalty-security programs.

The Government's Cold War anti-Communist espionage, and loyalty-security programs appear to Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Hoover entirely sound. Mr. Hoover evidently takes particular pride in the Dennis case, in which the top Communist Party leaders were successfully prosecuted, and in the Rosenberg case. Mr. Whitehead gives them a position of emphasis at the end of the book, and treats the Rosenberg case as if it were the masterpiece of the FBI and the Department of Justice, indeed the most persuasive evidence of danger from American Communists.

In another place this writer has expressed his skepticism about the testimony, particularly that of Budenz, in the Dennis case. He has examined critically, but he hopes fairly, the evidence in the Rosenberg case. He is inclined to put less responsibility for the character of prosecutions on the FBI than on the prosecuting lawyers from the United States Attorney's office in New York.

In the course of these discussions of domestic security appears a principle to which Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Hoover give some support. Mr. Hoover says that in the public hearings about Harry Dexter White three years ago he testified only under threat of a subpoena. All that can properly be said about Mr. White is that an attempt to indict him was made before his death, and that he never was indicted, for perjury or anything else. Mr. Hoover now properly disassociates himself from his Department's defamation of the dead. The responsibility in this and in other matters is primarily not that of the Federal police, but of the lawyers who in the end control prosecutions as well as all other activities of the Department of Justice.

It is true, as Mr. Whitehead and Mr. Hoover constantly remind us, that it is desirable to have the FBI alert to every danger of real subversion, espionage, or sabotage. It is also desirable to have an accurate view of the danger. We may recall the fear of and hatred for German-Americans in 1917 and after, from which we were saved by some fortunate coincidences in 1941. Similar fears and hatreds now strengthen the influences which threaten to involve us in atomic war. It is desirable that such fantasies as those connected with Mr. Hoover's work on domestic Communism should at times at least be sharply questioned, in the interests of American security itself.

Mr. Whitehead's book should be widely read, but with the care suggested here

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Verse

Continued from page 19

search of the Absolute can supply us only with questions, not with answers. That, more than "the magnificent" (but often opaque) "syntactical structure" of Mallarmé's writings, is the primary reason why the man and his work are untranslatable.

Which is, of course, no reason why one should not attempt to translate him. After all, on the highest plane the Master himself set the example; and a comparable sense of dedication—a discipleship, in short—is to be expected of any who should feel, with Arthur Symons, that "to say that he has found what he sought is impossible; but (is it possible to avoid saying?) how heroic a search, and what marvelous discoveries by the way!"

So, after the disappearance from the scene of the poet himself (Mallarmé foresaw this: In the end, he said, the poem "came to be uttered of itself and lived through its own personality") the translators arrived. In the Nineties it was Symons and Stuart Merrill; later, in Bloomsbury, Roger Fry; more recently Wallace Fowlie, with his "penultimate" exegeses of the poetry. But until now less attention—in English, at least—has been shown the prose writings. Bradford Cook supplies that lack with **"Mallarmé: Selected Prose Poems, Essays, and Letters"** (Johns Hopkins Press, $4), joining to his feeling for the essence of Mallarmé a scholarship that is most satisfying, together with an admirable practical sense ("My principle . . . has been to raise Mallarmé's voice, to clarify and concretize whenever I feared that the virtual power, passion, and beauty of his thought might elude the English-speaking reader . . ."). The result is a work indispensable for poets and students of poetry with the ambition and stamina to follow the quest into "the intense inane." Here for reading and pondering is the basic esthetic—the same ideas one must suppose that Mallarmé dispensed at those famous *mardis*—the Tuesday evening gatherings of "St. Mallarmé" and his rapt disciples of which no record was kept, but where even the silences were (and are) eloquent. —Gerard Previn Meyer.

PHILOSOPHIC TOUGHNESS, UNSTRAINED EXTRAVAGANCE: Norman MacCaig is a Scottish poet of distinction. Though he is now published in this country—his **"Riding Lights"** was recently published by Macmillan at $1.75—it will probably take time for American readers to accept him, since he is British. (The other side is just as bad; American poets are seldom published, much less read, in England.) MacCaig at his best combines a philosophical toughness with an unstrained extravagance of language. In "Instrument and Agent," "Morning," and "By Comparison" he pursues this union of sense and color with special success. If you look for a word to name his characteristic diction you may find yourself calling it "apocalyptic"; yet MacCaig is blessedly seldom so strained and unpleasant as the peusdo-school of the Apocalypse directed by Treece and Hendry. There is a largeness to his extravagance, a genuine size which minimizes the feeling of cunning derangement. His love may be called upon to destroy a city, but later:

> We'll turn and stare and the
> everyday street again will
> gather round,
> The huge city assemble itself
> without a sound,
> My ancestors will gaze at yours,
> and I will stand
> With no word in my mouth, no
> word you'd understand.

At times he writes in a harder, narrower style. Two stanzas of "Wreck" will show his abilities in a different technique:

> Twice every day it took aboard
> A cargo of the tide; its crew
> Flitted with fins. And sand
> explored
> Whatever cranny it came to.
>
> It had not learned that it had
> failed;
> Its voyages would not let it be.
> More slow than glacier it sailed
> Into the bottom of the sea.

The grace and speed with which MacCaig accomplishes the difficult make him a poet to be read by anyone concerned with the poetry being written in the language. —Donald Hall.

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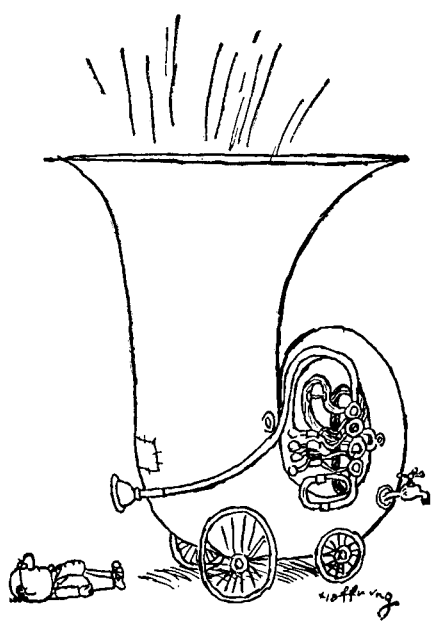
THE HOFFNUNG FESTIVAL OF 1956



By THOMAS HEINITZ

LONDON.

WHEN one Saturday in October the Festival Hall box office was besieged from break of day by long queues of ticket-hungry Londoners the casual passer-by may well have wondered what forthcoming musical event could command so eager a response. A special performance by the Bolshoi Ballet? Toscanini? Liberace? Had he questioned one of the waiting throng, the answer he would have received—"The Hoffnung Music Festival of 1956"—might have left him little wiser, yet by the afternoon of the same day every single seat had been sold and people had to be turned away an hour earlier than was the case with a recent concert by the abovementioned Liberace.

Who, you may well ask, is "Hoffnung" and what is this "Music Festival?" Gerard Hoffnung, thirty-one years of age (although his bald head and rotund appearance suggest comfortable middle-age), is a humorous artist, a caricaturist whose whimsical and grotesque humor has frequently enlivened the pages of *Punch* and other journals.

He is also an enthusiastic and by no means unskilful amateur performer on the tuba, and his passion for music has led him into a special niche of comic draughtsmanship where musicians and their instruments are his special target. Two small volumes of his musical caricatures—"The Maestro" and "The Hoffnung Symphony Orchestra"—which had already enjoyed considerable success, were recently followed by a third, entitled "The Hoffnung Music Festival." This was found to contain, beside the characteristic bizarreries, some deliciously candid impressions of leading conductors and an announcement couched in the following terms: "If you are a Hoffnung fan you will like to know that there will be a *real* HOFFNUNG MUSIC FESTIVAL CONCERT at the Royal Festival Hall on Tuesday November 13, 1956, at 8 P.M. Many famous artists and musicians will take part, and a ninety-piece Hoffnung Symphony Orchestra, which includes three hoovers, rifles, and goodness knows what else, will play new works specially composed by some of the country's leading composers."

HERE then was the promise of something new in musical humor for so-called "highbrows": an evening of aural and visual slap-stick resulting not from the parodistic talents of one individual artist—a Betove, an Ustinov, or an Anna Russell—but from

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the "concerted" efforts of a host of fundamentally serious musicians. So great were the anticipations aroused by the "Crazy Concert" that many of us feared an anti-climax, yet such details as were released to the press, as well as the news that the BBC was to televise the first half and that several major companies were fighting for the recording rights, tended to allay one's misgivings. Nor were we to be disappointed.

On the night, as soon as one entered the hall, there was no mistaking the festive air. It was manifest in the delightful "piping-in" music, played by a small military band, which greeted us in the foyer, and mirrored in the faces of the arriving public (rarely have I seen so many well-known musicians per square yard), each one of whom seemed delighted at having secured a ticket and intent on savoring the fun to the full. On the platform were assembled far more than the stipulated ninety players of the Hoffnung (alias Morley College) Symphony Orchestra and the instruments in sight included not only the biggest bass drum ever seen, but vacuum cleaners, a floor polisher, several rifles in the hands of military marksmen, and a small piece of field artillery. At the back of the orchestra, almost hidden by his gleaming tuba, sat the hero of the evening, while habitués of Philharmonia concerts could not fail to recognize the figure at the organ console as Dennis Brain.

After several false starts—an announcement by the manager of the Hall, T. E. Bean, that "owing to events entirely beyond the control of the London County Council . . . the concert will take place exactly as advertised" and the arrival on the rostrum of a brilliantly impersonated Sir Thomas Beecham—the performance finally got under way with the first of seven "world premières": a gay fanfare, composed and conducted by Francis Baines, whose introductory drum roll had the audience rising to its feet in expectation of the National Anthem. There followed the first major item, Malcolm Arnold's "A Grand Grand Overture," whose mock-pretentiousness, subtle use of various household appliances, and grandstand finish involving organ, rifles, heavy artillery, and monster drum (the last two skilfully handled by a slight young damsel who turned out to be Mrs. Hoffnung) set a note of hilarity which was admirably maintained throughout the evening. The Andante from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony contained many surprises not dreamt of by its composer (including a *sotto voce* ending played on stone hot-water bottles by serious-faced members of the BBC Music Division); Donald Swann's setting of a poem by John Betjeman, "The Lift" (or should I say "The Elevator"?), was sung by Jenny Johnson—a young lady whose bizarre vocal accomplishments, which, we are told, enable her to sing any part in "The Magic Flute" (from Sarastro to the Queen of Night) at its correct pitch, are oddly at variance with her attractively feminine appearance.

AFTER a classical interlude—a Chopin Mazurka performed by a quartet of tubas led, naturally, by Mr. Hoffnung—the first half of the concert concluded with Franz Reizenstein's "Concerto Popolare" (a piano concerto to end all piano concertos), a terrifying concoction of Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Rachmaninoff, Gershwin, and several popular songs, from which Yvonne Arnaud (that well-loved actress who is also a most accomplished pianist) and conductor Norman del Mar extracted the greatest possible visual as well as aural fun.

Came the "Grand Interval" and with it a chance to recover one's breath as well as to take a closer look at the program book, whose cover bore the Hoffnung family crest and motto ("Per tuba ad astra"). A Columbia advertisement carried the welcome information that "this concert is being recorded here today" and that it was hoped to get the resulting disc into the shops before Christmas; from among the many credits at the back of the program—mainly acknowledgments for the loan of the various museum-piece instruments and household utensils—I was particularly delighted to learn that "Dennis Brain appears without the permission of Walter Legge."

The second half opened in teasing rather than slapstick mood with Frank Butterworth's ingenious "Orchestral Switch," a patchwork quilt of maddeningly familiar snippets—the art of *non sequitur* carried to the limit. Ernst Toch's "Geographical Fugue" (from his choral suite "Gesprochene Musik"), contributed by the Liverpool Chamber Music Group Singers under its conductor, Fritz Spiegl (whose delightful programs of "musical curiosities" had done much to enliven last winter's BBC schedules), is experimental rather than funny in intent, but its *prestissimo* encore, which the singers mimed to a speeded-up tape recording, brought down the house. Next we had Leopold Mozart's brief Concerto for Hose-pipe and Strings, played by Dennis Brain on a coiled length of garden hose equipped with a mouthpiece, and this in turn was followed by Humphrey Searle's hilariously debunking setting—for two speakers (Yvonne Arnaud and Mr. Hoffnung) and percussion—of Sir Walter Scott's familiar ballad "Lochinvar." And so we came to a most eagerly awaited novelty, contributed by Dr. Gordon Jacob: a set of variations on "Annie Laurie," scored for two piccolos, heckelphone, two contra-bass clarinets, two contra-bassoons, serpent, contra-bass serpent, harmonium, hurdy-gurdy, and sub contra-bass tuba—surely the oddest collection of instruments, for eye as well as ear, ever assembled on a concert platform. For the grand finale the organizers wisely decided to "go straight" and we were all but deafened by two movements from Respighi's "Feste Romane," a work which in its way provides a surfeit of unintentional risibility.

Whether the "Hoffnung Music Festival of 1956" has set a new fashion remains to be seen; its overwhelming success does suggest that our present-day musical public is eager for a chance to laugh at its own foibles, and a 1957 Festival on these lines is already a foregone conclusion. Whether Columbia's recording will be able to capture an occasion which catered as much to the eye as to the ear is a matter for speculation, but there is a good chance that American audiences will be able to gauge its impact at first hand in the not-too-distant future, thanks to negotiations now in progress between Mr. Hoffnung, Harold Holt Ltd., and Sol Hurok. If the hoped-for tour of the United States does materialize the Hoffnung Festival will surely represent the oddest cultural export ever to leave these shores!

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AU REVOIR TO WALTER GIESEKING

By JAN HOLCMAN

IN THE death of Walter Gieseking the musical world has lost more than another pianist, however great. It has lost a musician and artist who made contributions of unique value to the lore and traditions of pianism. There has not been, in the thirty or more years in which he was a figure of international celebrity, another quite like him. If there is to be a successor or inheritor, it will only be through a study and absorption of the artistic estate he left in his recordings.

As is well-known, Gieseking's interpretative talent was not best expressed in the music of his forefathers. Although his art reflects, in some degree, his Teutonic discipline, Gieseking, the pianist of German descent, was to become the most remarkable performer of contemporary French music. This once more refutes the accepted view that an artist's stylistic qualities are necessarily conditioned by his nationality. Undoubtedly, Gieseking's sixteen-year stay in France played a considerable role in his musical development.

Gieseking was born in 1895 in Lyons, where his parents (his father was a doctor) established residence after moving from Germany. He did not have a career as a child prodigy. Receiving his early musical training as part of a general education, Gieseking studied violin for a while before starting the piano. The time came when Gieseking decided to devote himself completely to music and, at sixteen, he left France to attend the conservatory at Hanover. He had the good fortune to study under Karl Leimer, who opened new vistas to the young artist. Gieseking's debut in Berlin in 1920 began his brilliant career. On January 10, 1926, after touring the chief cities of Europe, he made his American debut and gained immediate recognition.

Gieseking's musical scope was far-ranging. During his career he offered the entire piano literature from Bach to Debussy. His programs also included works by Hindemith, Stravinsky, and Schoenberg as well as Scriabin and Rachmaninoff, all music neglected by other German pianists. In addition, he gave concert-cycles devoted exclusively to the works of Scarlatti, Debussy, and others.

The postwar atmosphere of the early 1920s created a new artistic climate which fostered Gieseking's interest in impressionistic music. The music of Debussy and Ravel in particular requires a tremendous variety of tone-contrasts. Searching for new sound-hues, Gieseking worked incessantly on the pedal until he succeeded in producing sound-effects in a range previously unknown. Pedalling became Gieseking's private domain, where his boldest ideas were born. Unlike certain pianists, he did not use the pedal to cover technical inaccuracies—his pedal had a color-generating character. Gieseking's version of Ravel's "Ondine," among many others, introduces entirely new sound-tints. The use of complicated pedalling, disciplined by an acute ear and precise technique, yielded remarkable results: the pedal was transformed from a mediocre retoucher into a skilful colorist.

In the works of Debussy, Gieseking imaginatively recreated many-colored musical landscapes in half-pedal *pianissimos* or in a rich range of tones from PPP to FFF, interrupted by explosions of chords and arpeggios of incomparably beautiful sound. He suggestively evoked a sense of awe, an image of the elements of programmatic content characteristic of impressionistic music. The classical illustration is his version of "Ce qu'a vu le vent de l'ouest," where his piano dynamics create a powerful, unique atmosphere such as few other artists have approached.

A tone-quality which Gieseking often preferred to use is slightly *matte*. In his masterfully interpreted "Broillards," the sound horizon appears as if through a veil. He avoided the sharper colors used by other Debussy performers such as Cortot or E. Robert Schmitz. Even Gieseking's *fortissimos* here are more sonorous than insistent. His sound-textures represent an integrated whole without palpable outlines or boundaries. Therefore, his recorded interpretations of Debussy, examined phrase by phrase, may at times seem more "out of focus" than the sound pictures created by Lipatti or Casadesus. We observe a similar phenomenon while studying the painting of an impressionist such as Bonnard, first in detail and then at a distance. At close range his pictures are not clear—seen at a distance they gain their full meaning. Heard as a whole, Gieseking's interpretations of impressionistic works seem more meaningful than those of others. We can confirm this by comparing Gieseking with Casadesus in Ravel's "Jeux d'eau" and with Lipatti in Ravel's "Alborada del gracioso." But Gieseking never used his "impressionism" as a pretext to evolve an undeterminable sound chaos as some pianists do. In his conceptions nothing is coincidental, nothing is daubed, his pictures are complete despite their occasionally muted quality. It would be impossible to name all the superb interpretations of Gieseking the colorist. We can only say that his phenomenal renditions of Debussy's "Voiles," his "Feux d'artifice," or Ravel's "Une barque sur l'ocean" fully reveal Gieseking's impact as a color-innovator.

But Gieseking introduced quite a different musical personality in his interpretations of other composers. The distinct and unsurpassed qualities which are present in his Debussy and Ravel are not always to be found in his Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Chopin. Here Gieseking's "stylistic piety" interfered with the artistic demands of the composition. Absolutely obedient to the composer's will, Gieseking seemed to reject a more personal approach. His extraordinary art is therefore not free from certain academic restraints. It is too objective, too formalistic. His excellent but arithmetical sense of rhythm too often lends metronomic uniformity to the musical phrase. Chopin's Nocturne Op. 9 Nr. 3 is performed by Gieseking (on an early Homocord) without *rubato*, akin to a fugue by Bach. Also in Schumann, Gieseking's rhythmical pulsation evokes the vision of an orchestra, not a symphonic but a military one, such as marches triumphantly through his "Important Event."

In contrast to the Slavic artists, Landowska, Hofmann, and Rachmaninoff, Gieseking's coordinated rhythm was not compensated by a natural grace, the lack of which affects not

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only the mazurkas of Chopin but the sonatas of Mozart and Scarlatti as well. Consequently, under Gieseking's fingers, the dance-like phrases in these works become step-like in character. A bit of a musical sense of humor would have improved the situation. Casadesus and Horowitz occasionally "smile" in Mozart—Gieseking tends to treat everything seriously. The result—monotony.

Less monotonous is Gieseking's Beethoven, which is, however, sometimes interpreted without strong emotional tension. His version of the Opus 31 (D minor) was for years a classic. But his reading of the "Waldstein" and "Appassionata" sonatas, though accurate, fails to bring the dramatic elements to full realization. For the most part, in Gieseking's playing, awareness prevails over impulsiveness and only the music of Debussy or Ravel was able to elicit from him stronger accents of spontaneity. Even his remarkably interpreted Bach is often impersonal.

IT IS not too well known that Gieseking inherited from his father one of the finest lepidopteran collections in Europe, to which he added new, hand-caught specimens. Was his attention attracted to them by the color patterns in the wings as by the rainbow tints in Debussy and Ravel? Hand in hand with this hobby goes the coldness which must be invoked to treasure the butterflies pinned under glass. Some could find this love of color plus *sang-froid* echoed in his interpretations—the color sense in the Impressionists, the coldness and emotional impassivity in Mozart and Chopin.

There is one quality in Gieseking's art, however, which remains perfect in all his interpretations from Scarlatti to Ravel—his technique. Everybody remembers the tale of King Midas, who received as a gift from Dionysus the power to transmute everything he touched into pure gold. Later Midas was to beg Dionysus to take away the boon which changed even his food to a lump of precious metal. Similar things happen to the so-called "virtuosos" who, having once attained power over their fingers, with the slightest touch change musical content into pure technique. Gieseking is an outstanding exception, the classical opposite of a "musical Midas," who transformed technique into pure music.

In our times it is unusual for a pianist of universal technique to use it with such taste and discretion. This subordination of a perfect technique to the musical conception distinguishes the master-performer from the performer-virtuoso. The latter displays his technical abilities, while the former prefers to display the composition. Gieseking does not exhibit his technique even in virtuoso pieces such as Ravel's "Toccata" or Liszt's Concerto. Gieseking's rendition of Ravel's "Scarbo" best illustrates the degree to which a musical concept may be expressed by means of a sufficiently developed technique. And he triumphantly played the Second Rachmaninoff Concerto (far removed from his normal interests) in a New York concert just before the war.

Gieseking himself had some interesting comments to make in regard to piano technique: "The main factor in technique: the brain; the main condition for technique: concentration; the main subject of technique: evenness. Practising with genuine concentration should not exceed three hours daily. Work beyond these hours is likely to be unproductive" (Hofmann expressed similar views earlier).

Gieseking proved his point best by his own example. His ability to concentrate during the work helped him not only to solve technical problems but to prepare new programs on very short notice. A fabulous memory, which enabled him to memorize scores on the train, in a hotel-lobby, or wherever he happened to be, extended to twenty-four concertos, about 100 sonatas and nearly 1,000 smaller pieces. Gieseking also maintained that anyone who devotes too much time to technical exercises later remembers the repertoire with his fingers instead of with his brain.

Gieseking achieved his technical skill while still young. He acquired his ideal *legatissimo* through original exercises, practised without the pedal, applying what he called the "contact-touch." He kept his fingers as close to the keys as possible and in the passages marked *pianissimo*, touched the keys soundlessly before pressing them down. "The piano does not sing when the key is struck," said Gieseking.

IN HIS later years the master recorded all of Debussy, all of Ravel, and all of Mozart (Angel Records). He also intended to finish recording Beethoven's thirty-two sonatas, the majority of which will soon be released. Judging from his records made between 1923 and 1956, the Gieseking technique withstood the test of time. His recent recordings show the same pianistic equilibrium which is to be found in his early ones. Gieseking owes his lasting technical foundation partly to his natural abilities and largely to the systematic studies he carried out during his youth. He mastered his technique with the same sense of order which enabled him to extend his butterfly collection. Listening to his Debussy records, we are convinced that it was his faultless technique combined with his keen ear for tone-color which made it possible for Gieseking to offer us the most intriguing sound-kaleidoscope ever to emanate from the piano.

We do not say *adieu*, but *au revoir* to Walter Gieseking, the greatest colorist of all, for his magnificent recordings, which remain as one of the most impressive documents of contemporary pianism, will permit us to hear him again and again.

Walter Gieseking (1926)—"immediate recognition."

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HOW TO BUY YOUR HI-FI

By JIMMY CARROLL, *audio consultant at Harvey's, New York City.*

A FAMILY going out to purchase a piano always starts off with some obviously preconceived thoughts as to what they are doing, *i.e.* they are already familiar with its approximate size and relationship to the amount of space they have to put it in. They have an idea as to what it will cost and that there is a wide range of prices to choose from. But most of all they know that great tonal differences exist between pianos that are flimsily constructed and those truly well designed and well balanced.

In purchasing hi-fi these same conditions exist. Each component is just so big and requires just so much space and costs just so much, and as in purchasing a piano we have a wide range of tonal quality to choose from. It is this relationship between cost and tonal quality that stands out most. Naturally, this is where our greatest attention should be directed when making our choice.

The factors controlling the tone we want are governed by three things. First and foremost is the individual listener's sensitivity to all sounds, then the acoustics of the room, the loudspeaker, and cabinet it is placed in, and finally the price we are willing to pay to achieve this.

Our tonal sensitivities and desires toward exact musical reproduction can differ to some extent between individuals, even between members of our own family. There is, however, one listening factor we all have in common, and that is that the musical sounds we hear coming from the hi-fi system we are to purchase for our home should have a close relationship with the ones we would hear if we were attending a concert in person.

With these thoughts in mind the task of selecting our music system can be a relatively simple and pleasant one.

The components that comprise this hi-fi system, using the vernacular, are as follows:

First, the speaker system, including its cabinet.

Second, the amplifier and tone control system.

Third, the "Sound Source" such as the AM/FM tuner, the phonograph, or tape recorder.

Knowing something about the functions and duties of these individual components is what will insure your getting the exact sound quality and the best dollar value for your money. This is the point where your audio consultant comes in. His experience can help considerably if there are any doubts in your mind.

The speaker section is made up of the woofer (which controls the deep bass sounds), the mid-frequency horn (for handling the middle range sounds), and the tweeter (called this because it reproduces the thin upper tones). These speakers are then appropriately assembled in their own sound cabinet. This sound cabinet or acoustic chamber, as it should rightfully be called, is one of the major controlling factors that govern what quality we finally hear. They cannot be constructed of thin light woods that may vibrate, neither can they be put together by anyone except the properly informed cabinet maker.

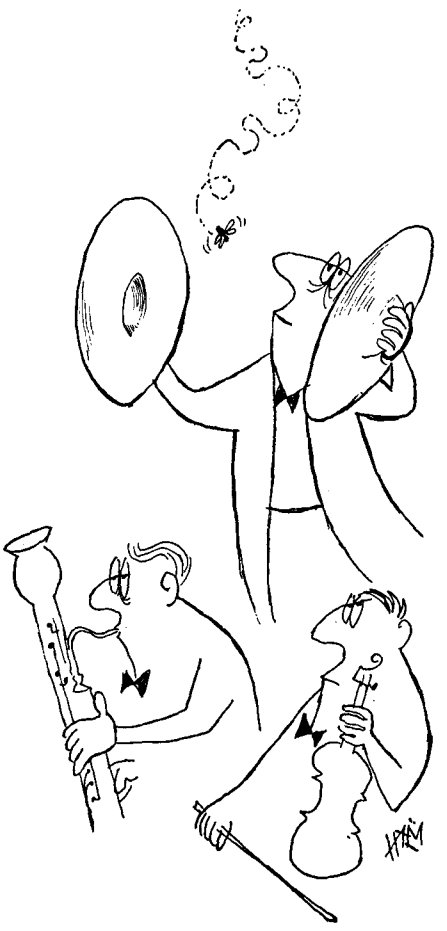
The second part of the hi-fi system is called the amplifier and control section. Its job is to take the small barely hearable sounds and to build them up in volume so as to produce the proper sound in the loudspeaker. The speaker itself controls to a large degree what type amplifier should be bought.

For instance, one brand of speaker has a very thick · heavy cone. An underpowered amplifier would not bring out the full rich tones that this speaker is capable of giving, even if it were to be played at a very low level of volume. The control system, made up of the preamp section taking care of the record player, also houses the bass, treble, and volume knobs. The main purpose of these knobs is to allow you to correct for any room deficiencies that may exist. Some living rooms are on the "high echo side," in which case the treble control would be turned down somewhat. The same condition exists if the room has a serious echo absorbent effect. Using these controls properly will allow you to get the full measure of music that your hi-fi system can produce.

THE third or sound source section of our setup is the music producing part. Taking the tuner first, we find the FM section. Listeners living near the stations themselves generally find no trouble bringing in a good clear signal. However, distant stations become somewhat of a problem that can be only solved by purchasing the most sensitive types available, and in some cases installing special roof antennas. This again is another case where your audio man will come to your rescue.

The phonograph playing part is easily the most controversial nowadays. This condition stems from the fact that many of us prefer playing our records automatically in stacks. Others prefer and insist that manual playing gives a better tone and makes the records last longer. We subscribe to the latter condition, since there are enough facts available to bear it out. Your own ears, for instance, will bear this out. The argument seems to have resolved itself to the fact that when you listen to music as a background source then the automatic playing may be adequate. The careful listener, however, will insist upon manual transcription operation only. There is a difference. The sensitive critical ear will spot it in a minute.

The thing to remember, through all this, is that there is a hi-fi system available for any reasonable price. You must finally go to your dealer's hi-fi sound-room for an actual comparison test before making your final decision.



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THE AMERICAN MUSICAL CONQUERS EUROPE

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

A 1953 Broadway hit show, "Wonderful Town," is the sensation of the current season in Vienna, playing to SRO signs at the venerable Volksoper, where the latest hits, Strauss's "Fledermaus" and Lehar's "The Merry Widow," date back to 1874 and 1905 respectively. The Viennese are deeply saturated with Strausses—Johann *père*, Johann *fils*, Joseph, and Richard, no relation, of course—and they are as fond of tradition as they are leery of experiments. They like their "light" music soft and in three-quarter time, and their operettas drenched in nostalgia. The mood is sentimental and monarchistic—a few years ago during a performance of "Im Weissen Rössl" everybody got up and cheered when a member of the cast playing "Kaiser Franz Josef" appeared on the stage —and the tempo of the classical Viennese operetta is slow compared to the supersonic speed of an American musical. An operetta has a fairy-tale libretto with a tearful second-act climax, a foolish denoument, and some fine waltz music. Most "Viennese" operettas do not take place in Vienna. "The Fledermaus" is set in a resort (Bad Ischl), "The Merry Widow" in Paris, "Nacht in Venedig" in Italy, the "Czarevitch" in Russia.

To convert the Viennese to the American musical took more courage than to walk with a highball into a meeting of Oklahoma's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A suave, dapper forty-four-year-old bachelor named Marcel Prawy, who was born in Vienna and later became an American, performed the miracle singlehanded. Prawy is a graduate of Vienna University's law school and of the Staatsoper's Fourth Gallery claque. During his daytime studies he learned to talk well; at night he learned to love opera. He came to the United States in 1940 and fell in love with the musical, which he calls "the grand opera of America." He learned the rudiments during the rehearsals of a Rodgers and Hart flop, "Higher and Higher," and later during months of study in a New York public library.

Prawy came back to Vienna as a military government officer after the war and set out to convert the Viennese to the American musical. His Viennese friends thought he'd gone American; his State Department friends thought he was a damn nuisance. Possibly to get rid of him, they backed a show called "From Show Boat to South Pacific" in which Prawy, assisted by half-a-dozen able American artists, introduced excerpts from his various loves to fascinated audiences. He played the piano, acted as master of ceremonies, teacher, and educator. The show was such a success that it became commercial. It played over 500 times all over Austria and Germany and elsewhere, in small cinemas, coffee-houses, factory-halls, farms, beer joints, radio stations. The State Department bureaucrats, visibly surprised, gave the show their blessing and invited it into their America houses.

On February 14, 1956, Prawy presented "Kiss Me, Kate" at Vienna's Volksoper, which is an ugly house with a tainted artistic history that had lately been living on a mixed diet of classical operetta and "little" opera—Lortzing, Kienzl, etc.—in the shadow of the august Staatsoper. Prawy translated the book and the lyrics into German, following closely the meaning as well as the structure of the rhyme. He came up with some of the most amusing alliterations since Wotan's dreary monologue in the second act of "Walküre." "Where is the life that late I led?" became "Hab toll gelebt, geliebt, gelacht." More surprising even, the production had authentic American flavor; it was fast, amusing, inspiring. Cole Porter wired Prawy: EVERYBODY TELLS ME YOUR PRODUCTION IS THE BEST. One critic called the première "the most important event in the operetta theatre since Offenbach introduced the French operetta to Vienna." Another critic called it "a typical display of the noisy, vulgar American commercial theatre." The unions protested that "American artists steal our jobs." Prawy got threatening phone calls.

The audiences, whose verdict is the final one, loved the show. It is the greatest box-office hit in the fifty-eight-year-old history of the Volksoper. It cost $20,000 to produce—the money comes from the State Federal Theatre Management, whose head, Ernst Marboe, went all out for Prawy's project—but it has already brought in several million schillings. Most critics endorsed the musical, which they consider "a typically American musical art." "Kiss Me, Kate" has done more to promote the United States in Central Europe than half-a-dozen ambassadors and/or cultural exchange programs.

PRAWY's second production, "Wonderful Town," was even more ambitious since it attempted to transplant the spirit of Greenwich Village to Vienna's Währinger Gürtel, which is a long way. The success was such that even the Social Democrats privately are delighted, although officially they still hold out against the "commercial theatre." The production gives a fine picture of New York with elevators, automobiles, a film showing Broadway, skyscrapers flying through the air. The press loved it and tickets are almost as hard to get as on Broadway for "My Fair Lady" (which Prawy hopes to produce here in 1959). He has educated a small, excellent ensemble—the Americans Brenda Lewis, Olive Moorefield, Keith Engen, Hubert Dilworth, the Swede Ulla Sallert, a number of talented Viennese—and he spends months preparing a show and watches the performance every night. There is no Viennese Schlamperei in the American musical.

"Kiss Me, Kate" is now being played in Munich, Nurnberg, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, Zurich. At Prawy's suggestion the Federal Theatre Management has announced a prize contest for the best Austrian musical that will combine "the best features of both the American and the Viennese techniques." The Conservatory of Music and the State Academy are going to have graduate courses on The American Musical. There can be no doubt: the American musical is in Europe for good.

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Recordings in Review

A Bow for Berwald

BERWALD: *Symphony in C (1845), Symphony in E flat (1845). Igor Markevitch conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* Decca DL 9853, $3.98.

WHATEVER ELSE may be said of him, it is unquestionable that Markevitch is the finest Berwald conductor of our time. This is only slightly related to the fact that neither of these works has ever been recorded before, and the name of the composer, even, was unknown to me prior to the arrival of the record. But Markevitch does almost more to make the material interesting than the composer, so spirited is his direction.

It is an easily understandable absorption, for Berwald, who was born in Stockholm in 1796 and died there in 1868 after years of study and residence in such places as Berlin and Vienna, had acquired many of the strongest musical characteristics of Berlioz and Mendelssohn. How many other men of the time were likewise influenced and have since vanished is an interesting speculation—but to hear the rushing strings, sudden stops, timpani outbursts, and other mannerisms of Berlioz tumbling from another man's pen is to realize that he, too, had a "school," though its graduates are few and now forgotten. Since Grove's Dictionary refers to a "beautiful G minor symphony" (not included on this record) and at least one other by Berwald, Markevitch's work is only begun.

For those who like to irk their learned friends by playing pieces unfamiliar to them and asking them to guess the composer, this recording should have a long and flourishing utility. Just when Berwald begins to sound like Berwald, Berlioz returns, with Mendelssohn lurking in the wings. In any case, Markevitch has the Berlin Philharmonic under tight discipline here, even when they seem at any moment apt to digress into the "Fantastique." Fine reproduction.

An Elman Classic

BRUCH: *Concerto in G minor.* WIENIAWSKI: *Concerto in D minor (No. 2). Mischa Elman, violin, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.* London LL 1486, $3.98.

WERE THIS RECORD credited to a new talent from the USSR or a child prodigy from wherever the praises would be loud and long. Hence, though Elman hasn't been a prodigy since he came out of Russia over fifty years ago, there is no reason to withhold credit for a double demonstration of violin mastery singular in its tonal purity and multiple in virtues of stylistic certainty, musicianship, and technical command. For those who believe that Elman's is "the" violin tone, these will be the versions of Bruch and Wieniawski to cherish.

Though Bruch and Elman have been concert-hall companions for over half a century, this appears to be his first recording of the perennial fiddler's favorite, a circumstance hard to explain save by the commercial policies of Victor, with which he was affiliated for many decades. Remarkably enough, Elman in his sixty-fifth year is playing as well as he ever did, which makes this document the more valuable. His feeling for the work is freshness itself, his absorption in the task all-embracing.

In both works (Elman recorded the Wieniawski in the late Forties for RCA, which issued it among its earliest LPs) Boult and the orchestra are an integral part of the results. Given an ultimate in sound with which to work, the London engineers have responded with the craftsmanship and taste for which they are celebrated.

Schoenberg's Garden

SCHOENBERG: *"Das Buch der Hängenden Gärten." Lina Dauby, soprano, with Paul Collaer, piano.* Oiseau Lyre DL 53006, $4.98.

THOUGH IT WOULD be difficult to associate the fact with a real commercial impulse, this is not merely a "duplication" in the LP catalogue, but one of nearly twenty works by Schoenberg currently available. His passionate devotees have thus provided a wider sampling of his works than was ever possible previously, with a full opportunity for anyone so disposed to examine the problem for himself, at leisure.

In the present instance, the examination is facilitated by the excellent qualities of Lina Dauby, a soprano not previously known to me. Her intonation is consistently accurate (not merely important but difficult in music of this kind), her command of the German text by Stefan George fluent, and her comprehension of the composer's purpose thoroughgoing.

B. L. Burman—"apt talent for mimicry."

Her pianist, Paul Collaer, has proper scope in the aural arrangements, which are efficiently carried out.

As those know who have heard one of the infrequent performances of Schoenberg's setting of fifteen poems from George's "Die Bücher der Hirten und Preisgedichte der Sagen und Sänge und der Hängenden Gärten" (a title mercifully compressed by the composer) it stands between the "Three Pieces for Piano" (Op. 11) and the "Five Pieces for Orchestra" (Op. 16). The lyric line is clearly defined if tenuous, the harmonic structure always clear, if sometimes only by implication. It is an absorbing document in the progress both of Schoenberg and the theories he propagated.

Ben Lucien Burman in Sound

"Steamboat 'Round the Bend." *Ben Lucien Burman.* Folkways FP 74, $4.98.

THOSE WHO recall Ben Lucien Burman's article titled "Music on the Mississippi" (*SR* Dec. 3, 1955) will welcome the appearance of its audible counterpart. Not only are most of the songs and stories cited therein included in this recording, but a good many others that almost seem to occur to Burman as the session spins. To hear him tell it, "the River" is a center of civilization all by itself where wit, philosophy, and wisdom have a coloration all their own.

Burman's delivery is as informal as a pair of suspenders and can be stretched in any direction needed to hold up the substance of what he is concerned with. He intersperses a song or two as the mood suggests, and they present a graphic illustration of the purpose he means to convey when he uses them in his books. Here we meet Cap'n Bill, who stuffed a hole in the bottom of his boat by wrapping himself in blankets and jumping into the water, Judge Honey of the Cumberland Country (he called everyone

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Honey" before sentencing), and are acquainted with a foolproof formula for chicken-stealing. Unfortunately, results are guaranteed only in the wintertime.

As a raconteur and monologist, Burman has an apt talent for mimicry, which provides a valuable variety of intonations for the generous length of the two sides. Sensibly, too, the whole recitation is spiced with comments and interjections by Eddy Manson's harmonica. This adds to the cracker-barrel atmosphere, while relieving Burman of sustaining an hour's discourse by voice alone. Both for the material and the delivery, the disc is of unusual interest.

La Grande Gingold

"La Gingold." Dolphin 7, $4.98

AS ONE OF THE few (apparently) who have been denied sight of Hermione Gingold up to and including the present time, the present disc constitutes my introduction to her art. To those who, like myself, were previously in ignorance, she may be recommended as the Charles Addams of comediennes, with a special flair for such cheery items as "The Borgias Are Having an Orgy," "Which Witch" (in which she considers an "offer" from Sir John Gielgud to appear in "Macbeth"), or "Cocaine" (her nomination for a hit tune from a musicalized "Man With the Golden Arm").

To be sure, Miss Gingold is not committed only to such grim fairy-tales. She has a flair for making verbal pictures in an operatic spoof titled "Queen of Song," which would be even funnier if there was more of Florence Foster Jenkins in her and not quite so much of Bea Lillie. Indeed, the one indictment of Miss Gingold's muse would be that it derives so strongly from the Noel Coward-Lillie kind of revue song as to leave little doubt what she is musing about.

However, there are genuinely (no further pun) amusing moments in such songs as "Flowers," "Tit for Tat" (Agnes Worthington's reply to the Noel Coward song, "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington"), "Robert the Robot," and "Spin," and a bright flash of spirit in "Thanks Yanks," which derives from a wartime revue in which Miss Gingold appeared. More of the latter sprinkled through the collection would, I think, have given a little relief to the otherwise unrelenting pursuit of laughter. Buster Davis, who wrote some of the material, is arranger and conductor of the musical backgrounds. The recording is good

Landowska's Mozart

MOZART: *Sonatas in E flat (K. 283), G (K. 283), D (K. 311), B flat (K. 333), Rondo in A minor (K. 511), and Country Dances (K. 606). Wanda Landowska, piano.* RCA Victor LM 6044, $7.96.

OUT OF THE FLOTSAM and jetsam of Mozartian cargo cast up in this bicentennial year a few treasures will remain when the waves recede and the "wreckage" can be evaluated. I haven't undertaken even a partial evaluation yet, but it is a fair certainty that these remarkable performances by Mme. Landowska will be played and replayed when the next occasion for a Mozartian jubilee is just a decade or so away. If her version of the Bach "48" was her artistic testament, this is a codicil that enriches the legacy even more.

Doubtless there will be a dozen different critical viewpoints on what Landowska has done here, but what strikes me above all else is the remarkably articulate quality of the playing: the command of the musical language, both in conception and execution, that enables her to integrate every note in every phrase as a predestined part of the Mozartian expression. The varieties of touch and accent, stress and contrast that are utilized to color Mozart's balanced concepts of statement and counter-statement are close to the ultimate in refinement.

Then, too, there is a superb repose, not only in the slow movements but also in the management of detail in the fast ones that few interpreters achieve save through a lifetime of application—when, all too often, they lack the finger facility to convey what they know so well. As in the case of her perennial contemporary, Wilhelm Backhaus, Mme. Landowska has been granted both long life and a healthy one, enabling her to share with us the riches of thought she has found in these works. Where so much is superior, citation of one work or another is hardly relevant, but I was struck with the subtleties she imparted to merely the first eight bars of the G major sonata (a work so "easy" that it is considered feasible for a beginner at the keyboard), also with the melancholy in the pre-Chopin Chopinesque A minor rondo, where the very sound of the piano seems to take on a new, paler coloration. (Her own transcriptions of the "Country Dances" [K. 606] are another thing again, a kind of "after music" to the whole.)

Hermione Gingold—"verbal pictures."

Those who know Landowska's art need hardly be assured that with these sophistications of mind go a warmth of spirit that give us a living totality, not a mere tonal skeleton. For others, it may be added that the numerous niceties are all devoted to the only worthwhile objective in any musical performance—communication of the composer's purpose. I doubt that anyone would conceive Mozart just in this spirit, and it would be a futile feat for others to attempt. But, in speaking her mind on the subject, Mme. Landowska has done it with complete conviction. Some may question a way of treating an embellishment, of interpreting a broken chord or a cadenza point, but no one will question her success in achieving effects "sensuous, yet spiritual, lively, punctuated by interrogation and exclamation points, and by cesuras which marked off each phrase like an air or *recitativo* sung with loving intelligence only to be found in the greatest singers"—her own description, in a prefatory note, of the contemporary view of Mozart's performance.

Something should be said about the time and trouble RCA expended on this project, extending over two years of occasional sessions at her Lakeville, Connecticut, home. To the credit of Jack Pfeiffer, who engineered them (in more ways, I suspect, than one), the end product is a durable addition to the phonographic literature, something from which every musician—no matter what his means of expression—can learn.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 8. Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra. London LL 1493, $3.98.	So far as I determine these are the first Beethoven symphonies Ansermet has done on LP, and the choice of works shows him to be typically discriminating about his strengths and sympathies. Both performances are finely proportioned, orchestrally immaculate and subtle in coloration. However, the Ansermet temperament has more affinity with No. 1 than No. 8, the latter lacking something of its robust humor, and suffering also from a curious slowing in the trio of the tempo di menuetto. Excellent reproduction.
Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 4 and 8. Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50100, $3.98.	Dorati's sharply defined orchestral textures and the dry-point kind of reproduction makes these performances more akin to black and white than to the statuesque proportions suggested by the use of an "Aphrodite" on the cover decoration. In more musical terminology, the performances are energetic without being really fervent. The strings and winds are driven too hard for the appropriate sonorities to emerge, and Dorati's Eighth also tends to be non-humorous.
Bernstein: "Fancy Free." Copland: "El Salon Mexico." Milhaud: "Creation du Monde." Leonard Bernstein conducting the Columbia Symphony. Columbia CL 920, $3.98.	Vigor, not to say exuberance, are in abundant evidence here, the disc combining a Milhaud performance previously released with matter of more recent date. It stands as the most substantial of the scores, especially as illuminated by Bernstein's sympathetic treatment; but he is equally adept in the virtues, various as they are, of the other two. In all, a kind of musical setting-up session, for exercising the intellectual muscles. Nothing of snarls, bangs or barks in the texture is overlooked or slighted in the reproduction.
Brahms: Symphony No. 4. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL 1485, $3.98. Eugen Jochum conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. "Academic Festival" overture. Van Kempen conducting the same. Decca DL 9866, $3.98.	There are many points of interest about both performances of the symphony, but they do not add, in the end, to a warmly welcome version in either case. The chief interest of the Kubelik-Vienna is the interaction of the conductor's vigorous personality on an orchestra which needs only to be led, not driven, and the consequences to its normally fine sound. The structural details are in place, but roughly handled from time to time. In Jochum's case, some unhappy speeding up of tempos at the climax of the first and last movements dissipate his good results elsewhere. Kempen's treatment of the overture is a little prosaic, more academic than festive. The London sound is rich, the Decca (DGG) rather hard and oversized.
Chausson: Symphony in B flat. Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50108, $3.98.	Warm-tempered, skilfully molded performance by Paray, probably the best the work has had on LP, though the score is rather short value for two sides. However, if this contributes to the deep and varied orchestral colorations, the result is justification of the procedure. Paray's players now work with a plasticity and mobility of sound not to be found in many American orchestras, hence a personal attribute of his own.
Dvorak: Serenade (Op. 22), Slavonic Rhapsodies (Opus 45, No. 2 and No. 3). Fritz Lehmann conducting the Bamberg Symphony. Decca DL 9850, $3.98.	Presumably the "Slavonic Rhapsodies" are the performances previously issued on a ten inch disc. They are now combined with a fine spirited, well-sounding one of the early "Serenade" which includes the waltz omitted in some previous versions (including one by Lehmann himself). The recording is an improvement on some aspects of the "Rhapsodies" in which the boomy percussion tends to blanket the orchestral sound.
Hindemith: "Noblissima Visione," "Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes of Weber." Joseph Keilberth conducting the Hamburg Philharmonic. Telefunken LGX 66055, $4.98.	This pairing conveniently parallels another on Columbia, and thus lessens some part of the confusion inherent in most double-choice comparisons. It is, in all, more congruent, the Columbia "Metamorphoses" being the work of Szell, the "Visione" of Ormandy. Keilberth is not too familiar as an interpreter of contemporary works, but these show him to have a strong sense of Hindemith's purpose and a tight hold on his players' effort. Excellent sound.
Mendelssohn: Symphonies in A minor ("Scotch") and ("Italian"). Sir Adrian Boult conducting. Westminster WXN 18329, $3.98.	Well-conceived, elegantly articulated performances of the two gratifying works, and particularly well reproduced relative to the texture of each score. Comparatively, Boult is more successful with the "Scotch" than the "Italian" as the latter has some rhythmic values that can be delivered on a more intensive level than he attains. However, the two have a good, cohesive relationship as he presents them.
Sibelius: Romance, Grieg: Two Melodies, Handel: "Alcina" ("Dream Music"), Agrell: Sinfonia, etc. Boyd Neel Orchestra. Unicorn LP 1038, $3.98.	Though the jacket titles this collection "Light Music," it is not merely inappropriate but misleading where the Agrell (1701-65) sinfonia, the Handel material (overture to "Faramondo" as well as the "Alcina" excerpts) and several Arne bits ("Air," "Giga," and dances from "Comus") are concerned. What we have, instead, are the profits of Neel's researches into the literature of string orchestra music done in every case with style and love. The superb reproduction reflects the supervision of Peter Bartok.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5. Georg Solti conducting the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. London LL 1506, $3.98.	Not too much happens in this performance that is personal to Solti until the finale, in which a kind of quickstep develops out of the allegro vivace. Otherwise the principal interest relates to the sound of the French horn in the andante cantabile, a timbre more like an extended bassoon than the heavier brassy sound heard from German and American orchestras. It is, incidentally, beautifully played. However, there are half dozen versions (Ormandy, Rodzinski, Van Kempen among them) preferable by my taste.
Verdi (arranged Mackerras): "The Lady and the Fool." Robert Irving conducting the New Symphony Orchestra. Weber (Berlioz version): "Invitation to the Dance." Minkus: Pas de Deux ("Don Quichotte"). Anatole Fistoulari and the same. London LL 1518, $3.98.	Both conductors are thoroughly at home in the works with which they are concerned, though it may be doubted that the mere fact that all the music has to do with ballet will assure its appeal to one interested in the Verdi side. This shows the skill of Mackerras (previously demonstrated in "Pineapple Poll") at integrating material drawn from a variety of sources. Bright sounding, smooth reproduction.
Vivaldi: Concerto in G ("alla rustica"), Sinfonias in C and G, Concerto for Bassoon (E minor) and Concertos for Oboe (F major and D minor). Solisti di Zagreb conducted by Antonio Janigro with Rudolf Klepac, bassoon, and Andre Ladrot, oboe. Vanguard BG 560, $3.98	Aside from the concerto "alla rustica" and the D minor oboe concerto all of the material of this recording appears to be previously unheard on LP. In any case, the duplicated works are equal to predecessor versions in performance and superior in reproduced sound. Both soloists have been commended in previous offerings under Janigro, whose group plays with steady musicality and verve. Not many discs of recent issue match this one for substance and variety. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 26

adjustment compromised Bernstein's treatment of Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale." In beginning a lengthy period of direction in this and the next season which may spell out a good deal about his future and that of the Philharmonic-Symphony, it struck me that Bernstein was consciously trying to amend some aspects of his platform personality which had aroused resistance in the past. There was less physical gyration, a more profitable concentration on the musical material itself. At the same time, the treatment of the Stravinsky score was not so much in terms of its total fanciful atmosphere as in consideration of the countless details that make up its sum. The recitation of syllables and sentences was clearly done, but the meaning inherent in the paragraphs and pages was insufficiently realized. The orchestra, it may be added, gave him undivided attention and response.

THIS year's hour-and-a-half "Festival of Music" on television was altogether an improvement on last year's, though the notation of these as "annual" events rather emphasizes the non-abundance of musical fare in this medium. Of striking effect was the first sight many in this country have had of Boris Christoff (he had appeared earlier in the fall with the San Francisco Opera). His impressive action in the "Death of Boris" intensified previous respect for his vocal resources as recorded, suggesting an artistic totality the Metropolitan could have used since he was denied entry here six years ago. Nicola Moscona as Pimenn, Michael Pollack as Shuisky, and young Kirk Jordan (soon to be seen in "Amahl") contributed to a memorable experience, in which Alfred Wallenstein's conducting had a definitive part.

In an abridgment of the first act of "Traviata" Victoria de los Angeles sang the music of Violetta easily and effectively, strongly supported by Barry Morrell as Alfredo in place of the non-available Richard Tucker. Marian Anderson was in strong voice for three spirituals, Andreas Segovia made much of his brief interlude of guitar playing, and Artur Rubinstein resumed American appearances with a powerful playing of Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini." The commercials were moderately non-offensive, Jose Ferrer's narration innocuous.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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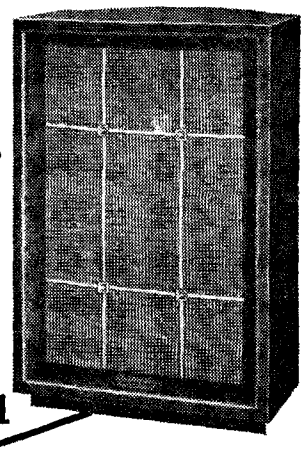

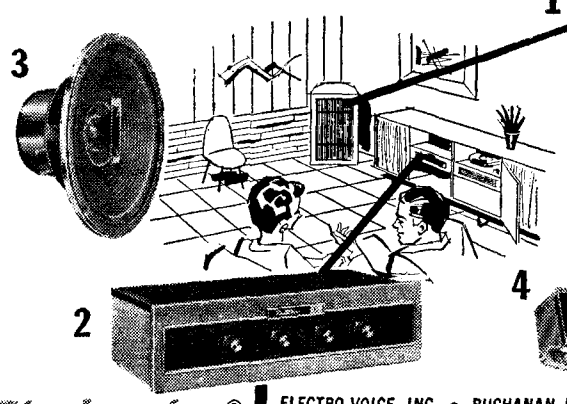

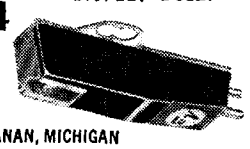

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Arrieu: Quintet in C major, etc. The French Wind Quintet. Oiseau Lyre 50122, $4.98.	Even though this gentleman's first name is Claude, he is not to be confused with the Chilean pianist. This fanciful, well-written work shows him to be a composer worth nothing. It is brilliantly played by the excellent ensemble, whose personnel numbers such outstanding artists as Jean-Pierre Rampal (flute), Pierre Pierlot (oboe), Jacques Lancelot (clarinet), Gilbert Coursier (horn) and Paul Hongne (bassoon). Two sets of variations by Henri Tomasi and Jean-Michel Damase are offered, also three short pieces by Jacques Ibert. Fine recording.
Barber: Adagio, Berkeley: Serenade, Hindemith: Five Pieces (opus 44), Martin: Passacaille. Karl Munchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. London LL 1395, $3.98.	A perceptive collection of contemporary music, nicely varied in style from the profound classicism of Barber to the angular austerities of Martin, delivered with a sure sense of style and effect. The work of the English Lennox Berkeley tends to wander a bit, but there is solid interest in everything else on the disc.
Beethoven: Sonatas in C ("Waldstein") and in E (opus 109). Lili Kraus, piano. Ducretet-Thomson DTL 93108, $4.98.	One could hardly ask for more understanding or better rapport with these works than Miss Kraus provides, though her physical resources are not equally suitable to them. The close-up microphoning is suitable to her tone in the E major, but the heavier demands of the "Waldstein" result in some bangy, unresonant sound. The musical thinking throughout is worth attention.
Copland: "Twelve Poems by Emily Dickinson." Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano, with the composer at the piano. Weisgale: "The Stronger." Adelaide Bishop, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Alfredo Antonini. Columbia ML 5106, $3.98.	A rehearing from this record doesn't amend a previous opinion that Copland's treatment of the texts is vocally awkward and detrimental to clear articulation. "Dear March Come In" and "Going to Heaven" are gratifying exceptions, but the rest are rather resistant to Miss Lipton's intelligent effort. More atmosphere is conveyed by the piano parts than through the texts. Weisgall's treatment of a text based on Strindberg may be absorbing in the theater, but on a record it ends by being merely excruciating. Miss Bishop's vocal resources are considerable, and she provides much spirit to her effort, but a monologue at the length of a full LP side can hardly avoid monotony. A mere synopsis, on the jacket, contributes to limited understanding. Clean, clear sound.
Liszt: Sonata in B minor, "Benediction de Dieu dans La Solitude." Ernst Levy, piano. Unicorn UN LP 1035, $3.98.	As a sample of the rich sound that can be gathered from strings and sounding board by artful microphoning, this disc has much to commend it. It also adds to esteem for Levy's musicality, without persuading the listener that Liszt is the composer predestined for him. Clarity and definition are attributes of the sonata as he plays it, but insufficient frenzy or power. The overside excerpt from "Harmonies Poetiques et Religieuses" is rather repetitious.
Rachmaninoff: Sonata in G minor (opus 19). Zara Nelsova, cello, with Artur Balsam, piano. London LL 1480, $3.98.	Both for Nelsova and Rachmaninoff this is a successful disc, showing the performer in a favorable light relative to a work not always so persuasive. It is a straightforward, warmhearted performance she offers, which suits its melodic character better than a more intellectualized effort. Balsam collaborates well, and the recording is excellent.
Rachmaninoff: "Burlatskaya," other folk songs in various arrangements. Ivan Skobtsov, basso, with orchestra. Monitor MC 2001, $3.98.	For those whose musical menu is not complete without a rich Russian bass voice singing "Song of the Volga Boatman," "Story of the Coachman," "Along the Peterskaya Road," etc., Skobtsov (who has been heard on several opera recordings from the USSR) will have a welcome place. The voice is far ranging and warm in texture, his sense of the spirit in the songs strongly communicated. Those acquainted with Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" will find a special interest in "Along the Peterskaya Road," which occurs in the crowd scenes. Variable recording, ranging from fair to good.
Salzedo: Fantasies on Catalan, Basque, and other carols. Carlos Salzedo, harp. Mercury MG 50016, $3.98.	This issue was somewhat belated for pre-Christmas mention, but the qualities of artistry and imagination Salzedo provides are more than merely seasonal. Included are "Adeste Fideles," "Silent Night," and even "Jingle Bells," plus arrangements of "I Wonder as I Wander" and a "Fantasy on a Catalan Carol" for which Salzedo inserts percussive interjections. Precise reproduction.
Schumann: "Liederkreis" (opus 24) and Wolf: Mörike Lieder. Gerard Souzay, baritone, with Dalton Baldwin, piano. London LL 1476, $3.98.	Souzay sustains his reputation for consistency in this issue, singing always with taste if rarely with arresting expression. "Verborgenheit," "Gesang Weyla's" and "In der Frühe" are demanding of more, in power and color, than he provides. The Schumann cycle (based on Heine poems and not to be confused with the more familiar Liederkreis based on Eichendorff) is more suited to Souzay, and he rises to real quality in "Mit Myrten und Rosen." Dalton Baldwin is a helpful pianist, the recording outstanding.
Villa-Lobos: Preludes (1940), Torroba: Four Pieces. Julian Bream, guitar. Westminster XWN 18137, $3.98.	The impressions of artistry conveyed by Bream's previous disc are extended in scope and sensitivity by this pairing. In both the sophistications of Villa-Lobos and the more direct expressions of Torroba, Bream combines a surety of technical means with an understanding of artistic ends that give him a high rank among the new artists of recent years. The texture and definition of the guitar sound in the reproduction are outstanding.
Vivaldi: Gloria. Pierette Alarie, soprano, and Marie Therese Cahn, mezzo, with orchestra conducted by Andre Jouvet. Charpentier, M. A.: "Messe de Minuit." Jouve conducting orchestra of the Paris Chamber Music Society. Ducretet-Thomson DTL 93080, $4.98.	Reissues of works previously circulated in this country on another label, but worth a second recommendation for those not previously alerted. The Vivaldi has pages of a beauty remarkable for even this titan among composers, and the Charpentier (1634-1704) gives a glimpse of a musical era rarely represented in our concert halls. Both performances are well organized by Jouve, the soloists are capable, and the engineering is admirable. —I. K.

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DRAMA ON RECORDS

Shaw to Shakespeare

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, *by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Angel 3542* ($12.98). A thoroughly delightful recording of the famous and witty comedy of manners. The cast has been perfectly selected with Edith Evans, Cecil Parker, Claire Bloom, Alec Clunes, Harry Andrews, Baliol Holloway, and Anne Leon in the leading roles. The album includes a handsome, thorough introduction by Alan Dent, and a musical introduction sets the eighteenth-century atmosphere for the play. Since so much of the brilliance of this comedy depends on inflection, the recording transmits values that might escape the reader, or indeed the viewer of any but an ideal performance.

WAITING FOR GODOT, *by Samuel Beckett. Columbia 02L-238* ($9.96). Goddard Lieberson and Fred Plaut have invented abstract sounds to create a helpful atmosphere which was lacking in the New York stage production. The play remains tantalizing, or as William Saroyan puts it in a marvelous appended introduction, "not instantly irresistible." But no matter whether it exasperates you as it does this reviewer or whether it enchants you as it does many people, "Waiting for Godot" is possibly the most conversation-provoking play since "Hamlet." And the records will keep one going past the point where the reader of the published text would have stopped in discouraged bewilderment. The text is slightly expurgated, but the cast is the original Broadway one with Alvin Epstein, Bert Lahr, E. G. Marshall, and Kurt Kasnar.

SAINT JOAN, *by George Bernard Shaw. Victor LOC-6133* ($14.98). In this original cast recording of the slightly abridged play, the sound of Siobhan McKenna's great performance has been preserved for posterity. You are apt to want to play and replay some of her dynamic speeches which, as rendered, are inspirational sources of strength.

PAUL ROGERS IN SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE. *Westminster SA-723* ($4.98). England's most accomplished character actor, whose current performances in New York with the Old Vic Company have been acclaimed, treats us to some of the more emotional lines from "Macbeth" (It will be interesting to compare his leaden "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" soliloquy with Olivier's when the latter makes the film next year). In addition, he exhibits his versatility by doing Bottom, Falstaff (including the famous lines on honor), John of Gaunt (in Shakespeare's ode to England), and Mercutio (the naughty, magical Queen Mab speech).

FRANK PETTINGELL PRESENTS OSCAR WILDE. *Westminster SA-724* ($4.98). The urbane English actor is obviously a staunch admirer of Wilde, and his devotion brings an added dimension to the witty biographical excerpts and touching fairytales he reads. The recording also contains a bit of physic for drama critics that applies today as much as it did in Wilde's time.

MARC BLITZSTEIN AND HIS THEATRE COMPOSITIONS. *Westminster SA-717* ($4.98). No composer speaks more intelligently about his music than Marc Blitzstein. He also speaks beautifully about the theatre, and his autobiographical description of the history-making opening of the Orson Welles-John Houseman "The Cradle Will Rock" is a classic. The record also features songs from "The Cradle Will Rock," "No for an Answer," and "Regina." As sung by Brenda Lewis, Jane Connell, George Gaynes, and others they are both entertaining and incisive.

—H. H.

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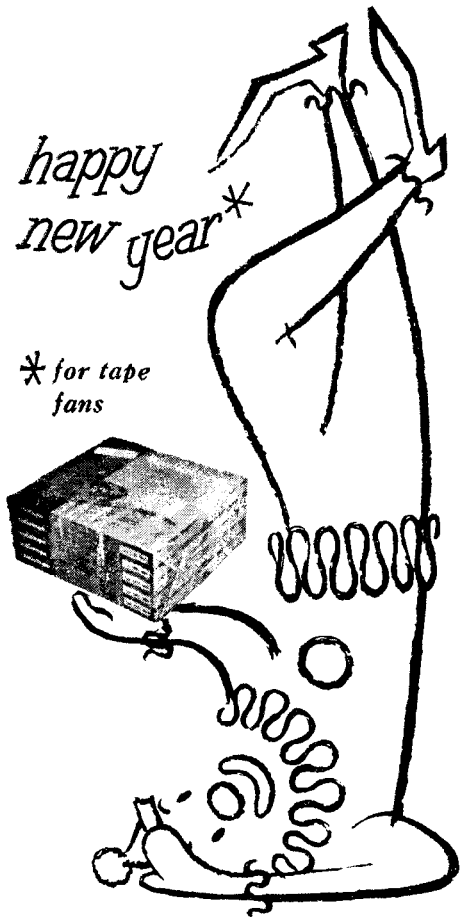

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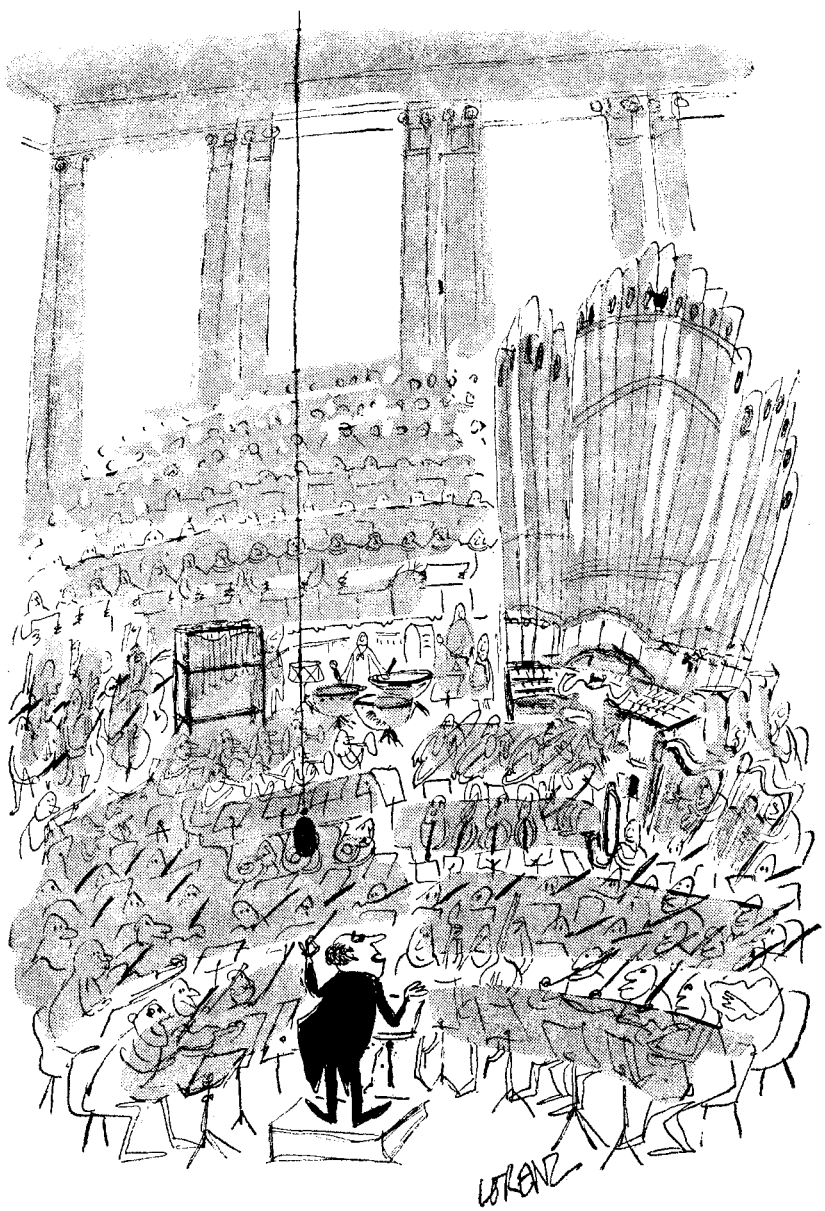
THE AMEN CORNER

Happy New Year, Igor

ONE of the pleasures of meeting with sophisticated minds is the discovery that they often arrive at the very simplest insights. Thus, in his "Poetics of Music" we find Igor Stravinsky saying: "The capacity for melody is a gift. This means that it is not within our power to develop it by study. But at least we can regulate its evolution by perspicacious self-criticism." And he goes on, a bit later: "I am beginning to think, in full agreement with the general public, that melody must keep its place at the summit of the hierarchy of elements that make up music." He has a good deal more to say by way of elucidation, and I certainly hope he is still of the same mind. The book is full of pleasures and, like so many fine things nowadays, is obtainable at the better equipped corner drugstores (Vintage, 95 cents).

The subject of melody has been much on my mind recently because of the florid and boring invention which takes the place of songfulness in so much modern jazz. It seems to me that it is inevitable and that it will pass, but it is a great relief in this connection to listen to "History of Classic Jazz," a jumbo set of five



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LPs issued by Riverside records and spanning the earlier reaches of the jazz subject from the Abatutsi royal drums of Africa to the New Orleans style revival of the 1940s and 1950s. There is a sumptuous album, a long and savory essay by Charles Edward Smith, and there are learned program notes by Orrin Keepnews.

Those who want a basic library of early jazz in ultra convenient form are still recommended to look into the ten LPs published by Folkways Records and edited by Fred Ramsey Jr., but the Riverside offering gets around the honky-tonks and the dance halls in fine style. I would not myself have devoted a whole side to piano ragtime masters in pianola roll versions, nor have given so much space to boogie-woogie; and I am distressed to find that Bessie Smith is represented by her particular version of "St. Louis Blues" in which her great voice is offset by the theatricality of the Hall Johnson choir. But these are minor complaints; the collection is a pungent one, from the lovely brooding quality of Meade Lux Lewis's "Far Ago Blues" to the barrel house wallop of Wingy Manone's "Up the Country." There are several dozen top line names among the soloists or band leaders, not to mention a crowd of illustrious sidemen.

Melody, of course, is not lacking from the best of the modern jazz players, and I hasten to notice two new LPs of stars who have been mentioned here often before. The Modern Jazz Quartet presents a number of pastoral works developed this past summer at Music Inn, Massachusetts. In this case, the delicate chamber group is augmented by the clarinet of California's Jimmy Giuffre. Their music is all tender and lovely business, none more so than the pianist-leader John Lewis's variation on "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" (Atlantic 1247). I gather that Music Inn, near Lenox in the Berkshires, has long since become the jazz Tanglewood and is planning still more ambitious jazz caucuses. The M.J.Q. and Mr. Giuffre have set a delightful pace.

The lyric and sensitive modern trumpeter Miles Davis is with us again in "Collectors' Items" which includes certain numbers made with the late great Charlie Parker, this time on tenor rather than alto sax, and others with Davis's recent combination including Sonny Rollins, tenor sax; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Art Taylor, drums; and Paul Chambers, bass (Prestige LP 7044). This is small band modernism of a warm and succulent order, and the bassist Chambers is also to be heard in a discreet, splendidly rhythmic program entitled "Chamber Music" with John Coltrane, tenor sax; Kenny Drew, piano; and Philly Joe Jones, drums (Jazz: West JWLP-7). Chambers likes to bow the fiddle as well as pluck it, and we have here some quietly ravishing pulsation as well as what I am tempted to call dulcet hard bop. This may be carrying the specialized jazz vocabulary altogether too far, so I will try to put it in another way: Mr. Coltrane can play a robust, dissonantal modern line in a very easy, teasing fashion.

Some of the record companies have been re-combing numbers from various LPs in discs designed for certain specialized appeals. Thus, "Ballads for Backgrounds" (nothing too insistent —you can talk right through the music) and "Rodgers and Hart Gems" (self explanatory) are both medleys of first class modern jazz playing by such men as Gerry Mulligan, Bud Shank, Bob Brookmeyer, John Lewis, Jack Montrose and Bill Perkins. There are weaknesses, to my ears, on both discs, but each has a good deal of elegant material (Pacific Jazz JWC 503 and 504). I have also enjoyed the solid, swinging work of Perkins, tenor sax, and his octet, especially their "Song of the Islands" and "Let Me See," which recall the old Count Basie book. This is worthy, well built musicians' music (Pacific Jazz PJ-1221). —WILDER HOBSON.

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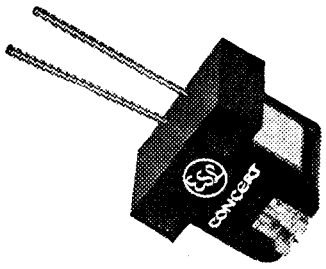

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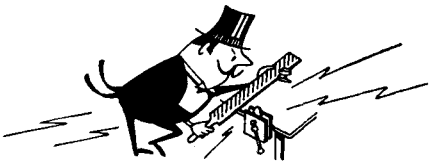

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THE OTHER SIDE

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DECCA'S pre-Christmas release, though it arrived not long after I had dispatched my last report, confirmed rather than refuted my view concerning this great company's surprisingly meager contribution to the customary seasonal feast. The list contains a number of re-issues, such as the Stuttgart Brandenburg Concertos (now on two 12-inch discs), Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony (van Beinum) and Concerto K.449 (Gulda), Schubert's "Unfinished" (Böhm), and Mendelssohn's "Italian" (Krips)—the last four on a medium play (LD-series) disc apiece. Mozart recitals by Siepi and Gueden have been put together from their respective contributions to complete opera recordings, filled out in the case of the soprano by material from earlier miscellanies.

New material includes a charming Mozart/Schubert coupling—Divertimento K.251 and two sets of dances—from Münchinger and his Stuttgart group, Glazunov's ballet "The Seasons," admirably performed by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Albert Wolff, Jeanne Demessieux playing Franck's Trois Chorales and the Vivaldi-Bach Concerto No. 2 in A minor (Victoria Hall, Geneva), Beethoven's "Geister" Trio coupled with Mozart's K.542 in E major (Trio di Trieste), and works for Unaccompanied Cello—the Kodály Sonata, Op. 8, and Reger's Suite No. 2, Op. 131C, with a Bach Bourrée by way of encore (as if to underline the mild, derivative character of the Reger!)—played by Zara Nelsova with considerable skill and great gusto.

Especially rewarding, however, are three vocal discs of the most divergent character: Christmas music in the Gregorian manner sung by the Solesmes Abbey Choir, a beautiful collection of assorted poetry readings—from Shakespeare to Edward Lear—by Dame Peggy Ashcroft, and a Wagner Concert by Kirsten Flagstad with the Vienna Philharmonic under Knappertsbusch. After the disappointment I felt even over Flagstad's own contribution to Decca's Oslo "Götterdämmerung" it gives me particular pleasure to report that her latest record finds her in wonderful voice and better recorded than ever before; her singing of the Wesendonck Lieder, Elsa's Dream, Kundry's "Ich sah das Kind," and Sieglinde's "Der Männer Sippe" and "Du bist der Lenz" will be treasured, an occasional pinched top note notwithstanding, by all those fortunate enough to have heard this great artist. She is, moreover, supported by some ravishing orchestral playing, and Knappertsbusch's proverbially spacious tempi seem to suit Flagstad admirably in this Indian summer of her long career.

THE only December issues listed by EMI—apart from Columbia's forthcoming sound-picture of the Hoffnung Festival—are two sets from the RCA Victor stockpile: "The Art of Caruso" (forty-six selections spread over three twelve-inch discs) and the star-studded, Beecham-directed "La Bohème." DGG has followed up last month's interesting issue of Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony, played by the Leningrad Philharmonic and splendidly recorded by a German team of engineers, with recordings of Tchaikovsky's F minor and E minor Symphonies by the same orchestra under Eugene Mravinsky. To hear one of Russia's finest orchestras in its own national repertoire via recorded sound of the utmost excellence is indeed a novel and absorbing experience, for which the company deserves our gratitude. Excellent sound also characterises a collection of some popular pieces by Sibelius—"Finlandia," "The Swan of Tuonela," "Valse Triste," and "Bolero" (Festivo)—by the Berlin Philharmonic under Rosbaud, but the orchestral playing, for all its skill, does not sug-

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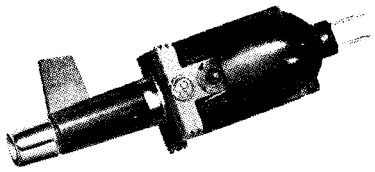

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gest great familiarity with the Finnish master's idiom.

Judging from its latest issues Argo, instead of spending the summer in a state of suspended animation, as had appeared to the outside observer, used the lull to considerable advantage in shedding the last vestiges of its former amateurishness and graduating to full professional status in matters of recording technique, record surfaces, packaging, etc. Current releases include an important addition to the recorded catalogue of Henry Purcell's music: the twelve Sonatas of III Parts, dating from 1683. The shameful neglect of one of England's greatest composers by our domestic companies is well-nigh inexplicable, but here at least is a crumb of comfort, especially since the performances by the Jacobean Ensemble, directed by Thurston Dart, were obviously prepared with the greatest care. A point of particular interest is Mr. Dart's use of a chamber organ for the keyboard continuo in place of the more usual harpsichord, thus emphasizing the Italianate Sonata da Chiesa style of this wonderful music. The recording, on two twelve-inch discs, reflects the greatest credit on all concerned in this venture.

From the eighteenth-century bureau organ employed by Mr. Dart to the glittering monster which dominates the view from the Festival Hall auditorium may seem a far cry, but the latter instrument, in the capable hands of Arnold Richardson, is featured in another two-disc Argo set. This is devoted to the complete organ works of Brahms, comprising two Preludes and Fugues, a solitary Fugue and the Chorale Prelude and Fugue "O Traurigkeit, O Herzeleid," composed around 1857, as well as the Eleven Chorale Preludes which he wrote towards the end of his life. This is an attractive and finely recorded issue; the fourth side contains the impressive Sonata on Psalm 94 by Julius Reubke, who was born less than a year after Brahms, became a pupil of Liszt and died at the age of only twenty-four. Lastly, Argo offers an admirable Bartok disc coupling two works of the immediate pre-war period: the Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion (1937), played by Wilfrid Parry, Iris Loveridge, Gilbert Webster, and Jack Lees under the direction of Richard Austin, and "Contrasts," in which Wilfrid Parry (piano) is joined by Frederick Grinke (violin) and Jack Brymer (clarinet). It is not long since the Sonata appeared in an excellent ten-inch DGG version, and it is a measure of Argo's newly-found status that its own records can now hold their own in the most exalted company.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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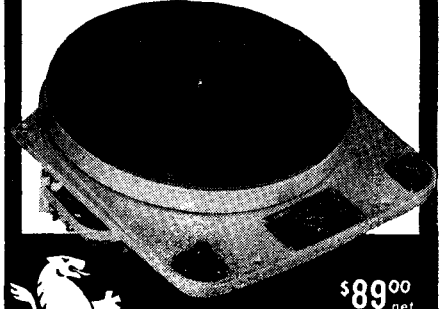

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Beethoven and Artur Schnabel

By ABRAM CHASINS

WHEN Artur Schnabel presented the cycle of Beethoven's thirty-two sonatas in New York during the winter of 1935-1936 there was a jest going the rounds: whether or not you had a ticket for the series did not matter so much, but if you did not carry at least one volume of the scores of the Beethoven sonatas under your arm you could not get into Carnegie Hall.

The good-natured witticism indicated the atmosphere radiated by Schnabel's art and personality. Schnabel's concerts were like no others. There was no applause-seeking, no charm-letting, no sweetmeat for an encore. All was sincerity, significance, and seriousness. Schnabel's nobly reflective and expressive playing forced us to forget the platform, the piano, and even the performer. He compelled us to give ourselves wholly to the music, to share his own absolute absorption, especially in Beethoven.

Beethoven's piano sonatas encompass the entire range of his unique power from genial jollity to prophetic vision. They embrace completely his philosophy and his stylistic evolution. They demand of their interpreter an immense emotional range, a sure sense of organic unity, intellectual profundity, and total instrumental command.

This music had flowed through Schnabel's bloodstream since his childhood. He revered it. And if an artist like Schnabel can be said to have had one goal, it was to attain exalted communication on behalf of the music he revered. He reached that goal an uncommon number of times. He had a love for great music that made anything short of dedication seem indifference. It lent tremendous intensity and importance to everything he ever did or said. His playing, his editions, and his doctrines are a salient part of our musical heritage.

Tributes are therefore in order to those responsible for the new RCA Victor album of Schnabel's recordings of Beethoven's thirty-two sonatas transferred to LP and available in their entirety in a Limited Edition (LM 9500). The titanic performance-task was accomplished from 1932 through 1935 under the auspices of the Beethoven Society, created by HMV for the express purpose of issuing Schnabel's recordings. The sonatas were issued at first in Limited Editions and were sold largely by subscription.

The re-issue of these historic discs on LP has been achieved with evident awareness of its importance. The gigantic brown leather album has two sections: the upper shelf contains thirteen records and the lower shelf accommodates the two volumes of Beethoven sonatas in Schnabel's annotated edition published by Simon and Schuster. There is also an accompanying booklet containing a helpful table of contents and other pertinent facts, plus two unusually penetrating articles by Dr. Joseph Braunstein and Irving Kolodin. Obviously, the project was a labor of love.

From one point of view only, this significant souvenir is too lavish. So revealing a musical experience should be readily available to everyone: to every music-lover, student, teacher and artist. Some way should be found to issue such a document in an unlimited edition for those with limited funds. One can only hope that public demand will cause this to be accomplished on some practicable basis. Otherwise, a host of musicians and an army of music-lovers will suffer the loss of a guiding light that leads straight to the shrine of Beethoven.

Beethoven's spirit shines through every groove of this collection. So does Schnabel's. A pupil of his told me that whenever Schnabel used to illustrate the heavenly slow movement of Op. 53 he would say, "This music is the closest man can get to the realization of infinite space." Hearing his profound interpretation of this movement convinces me that such playing is the closest a musician can get to the realization of infinite repose and insight.

VARIETY was another of Schnabel's qualities, as shown in his readings of Op. 49, Nos. 1 and 2. Beethoven called them "Easy Sonatas." I don't know anything harder than to endow the G minor with its inherent expressiveness and yet remain within its simple and unpretentious frame; or to achieve the directness and casual charm to be found in Schnabel's performance of the G major. He makes no attempt to imbue it with anything of the unseen. Consequently there is nothing Olympian here except Schnabel's ability to extract from music its essential sentiments.

We first reach Olympus through the conception and execution of Op. 10, No. 3. This work, the most inspired of the early sonatas, evokes Schnabel's comprehensive artistry; his joyousness and exuberance in the first movement, his elegant grace in the third, his tongue-in-cheek humor in the last, but especially his deep rhetorical power in the Largo, Beethoven's "first essay in tragedy."

Schnabel's impeccable taste is flawlessly exemplified in "Les Adieux," Op. 81a. Faced with one of Beethoven's uncommon confessions of a specific story, Schnabel paints a moving triptych of a man parting from a beloved friend, then saddened by separation but hopefully confident that the absence is temporary, and finally overjoyed at the reunion. Beethoven's inspiration was as realistic as his emotions were universal. Schnabel realizes them through singing without sobbing and rejoicing without rumpus.

In the last five sonatas, as the music grows in emotional depth as well as in technical complexity, Schnabel's ultimate resources and limitations are fully disclosed.

The breadth of his heart and mind are most greatly shown in the Allegretto of Op. 101, the Andante of Op. 109, the Adagio and the Arioso between the two fugues of Op. 110 and the Arietta of Op. 111. Such spiritual ardency and lyrical nobility are virtually unmatched today. Nowhere are they more impressively revealed than in Schnabel's pauses. Whether these moments are filled with ineffable peace or crowded with suspense, we become aware not only of the eloquence of silence but the reasons for silence—that the heart can become too full for utterance, that it is better to say nothing than to attempt to say what can only be felt.

Although all the emotional, intellectual, and visionary amenities belonged to Schnabel, complete realization throughout his entire repertoire eluded him because his pianistic equipment was not always equal to his imagination. Already in the trickier figuration of the earlier sonatas, even in less formidable works than the "Waldstein" and "Appassionata," we find Schnabel battling the instrument. When he gets to the fugato in the last movement of Op. 101, all but the lyrical sections of Op. 106, the second fugal statement in the finale of Op. 110, and the opening movement of Op. 111, he is often thwarted by unconquerable difficulties.

Intensified excitement over the music he felt so deeply undeniably caused the impairment of Schnabel's

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muscular control. When he nevertheless attained a convincing communication, only petty pedantry would stoop to pick on occasional inaccuracies or flurried passages. But in the instances cited, only an unhealthy and unworthy bias could gloss over the obvious deterioration of rhythm, architecture, phrasing, flow, and meaning.

All but devout disciples of the *Urtext* are apt to be puzzled by Schnabel's persistent pedaling throughout the two recitatives in the first movement of Op. 31, No. 2, the six measures preceding the Piu Allegro in the first movement of Op. 57, and especially throughout the Rondo theme of Op. 53. The resultant harmonic blurring is in literal obedience to Beethoven's original and uncanceled pedal marks. The subject has long aroused no small amount of heated controversy. It merits at least an essay, but perhaps we ought to take a moment to discuss one aspect of it as it occurs in Op. 53, the most perplexing case of all.

We need not consider Beethoven's deafness, which did not become acute until several years after this sonata was composed. We need not even consider the substantial differences between his pianos and ours. But do let us remember Beethoven's harmonic and pianistic characteristics. No one can convince me (Schnabel tried hard and gave me up as a hopeless case) that a harmonist like Beethoven would devise a theme characterized by the strong antagonisms of its tonic-dominant and major-minor swings and would then tolerate the dilution of its most powerful feature. A footnote in the Schnabel edition argues that if the pedal is not held throughout we will lose the "fundamental note." I gravely mistrust the term's implication. What I see is not a fundamental note but rather the first note of a theme which was fated to be regarded as a pedal point because it happened to be in the bass.

We can also remember that Beethoven was the greatest pianist of his day. And we can be sure that he used the pedals as all great pianists do: not always either completely up or down, but *partially* so when he wanted a cloudy color; and shaking out any sounds that became too obtrusive by rapid and imperceptible vibrations of the right foot. This creates a very different effect from the lamentable confusion that arises from jamming down the damper pedal of a modern grand and holding it there, even when Schnabel does it.

One can afford to question the uncommon departures of a man whose towering achievements in totality firmly establish him as one of the true giants of the musical species. His stature demands it.

Incidentally, I did not mention the mechanical quality of the Schnabel discs. Most of them are exceptionally good; others are not; and some disclose variations in pitch and level.

Nothing could be less important, for never has music more urgently needed such examples of great performances than right now when the ultimate in hi-fi is more eagerly valued than the ultimate in art. Schnabel had nothing in common with the gadgety part of civilization. He wouldn't know a woofer from a tweeter. An intellectual and spiritual fervor, an artistic zeal burned within this man. His consecration is evidenced by his will and power to communicate the core and essence of the monumental music he chose to play. This latest documentation of his art is an event of first importance.

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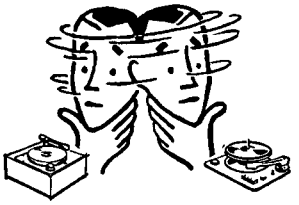

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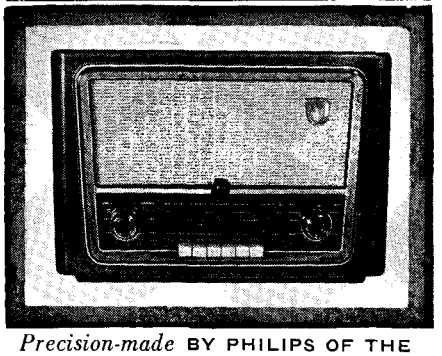

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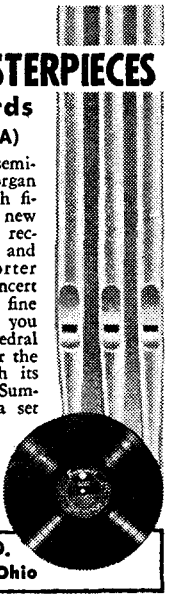

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

MORE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

IT WAS A PLEASANT surprise to see James Wade's request (*SR* Oct. 30) for recordings of Vaughan Williams's "Sancta Civitas" and "Pilgrim's Progress." Surprise changed to hope when I read Francis Schwarzenberger seconding Mr. Wade. Wistfully I add my voice.

Vaughan Williams hasn't been neglected on LP, but there is room for improvement. Why not add to the list? I'd like to have the opera "Riders to the Sea," the two string quartets, and a good recording of the piano concerto to replace the withdrawn Victor.

LEROY VAN HOESEN, JR.

Hudson, N.Y.

FARRELL'S "MEDEA"?

THIS IS TO SECOND the appeal of Gene C. Oswell (*SR* Nov. 24) for more records by Eileen Farrell. Hers is surely one of the half-dozen greatest natural voices of our day, and that it is not being systematically recorded is an almost criminal negligence. How about the Cherubini "Medea" for a starter?

ROBERT D. FANER.

Carbondale, Ill.

HI-FI'S ANNUAL

IN "CATALOGUES AND CONFUSION" (*SR* Nov. 24) Marvin Z. Goldstein notes in passing that "the better critical anthologies become dated before they are published." I notice that he omits mention of the *High Fidelity Record Annual*, published for the first time last year and followed this month by a second volume. These books provide the only reasonably complete recording criticism in depth, of American origin, available in book form today, and the series constitutes the only continuing and open-end one.

ALAN D. WILLIAMS.

Newtown, Penn.

SCOTTISH SECOND

I LEFT SCOTLAND many years ago and therefore much enjoyed that very amusing piece by Agnew on Scottish music (*SR* Oct. 30). Let's have more like it and more pieces like Kolodin's on Mrs. Belmont.

(MRS.) PETER MUIR.

Elkhart, Ind.

TANNHAUSER IN 1930

IS THERE ANYONE besides me who would like to see Columbia re-issue (on Entre) the 1930, nearly-complete Bayreuth recording of "Tannhauser"? Maria Muller, Herbert Janssen, and Erna Berger perform among others, and legend has it that the ensemble conducted by Karl Elmendorff was prepared by Toscanini. "Tannhauser" hasn't fared too well on LP: Nicolai and Cilea would seem to have greater appeal. A new "Tannhauser," even if old, is badly needed, and Columbia wouldn't have to apologize for the performance. After all, Muller was the kind of Elisabeth that Lehmann, Jeritza, and Rethberg were, and that kind of Elisabeth doesn't seem to be around any more.

DAVID BEAMS.

Iowa City, Ia.

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notices of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out-of-print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate 40¢ per word: 10-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1188

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Scottish economist whose book in 1776 laid foundations of all modern political economy (full name).

B. Grammar school attended by Dr. Johnson, Addison, David Garrick, 15 miles from Birmingham.

C. Inventor and first user of the stethoscope, 1819 (full name).

D. Science of wealth.

E. Traffic light of warning.

F. In anatomy, a contracted part connecting two larger parts.

G. Unable or unwilling to receive (a person, idea, etc.; 3 wds.).

H. Morally deleterious; rankling, corrosive.

I. Game preserve in Britain in which ground is often peaty, usually damp (2 wds.).

J. Famous greeting of Pres. Theodore Roosevelt, esp. on introductions.

K. Entranceway divided horizontally so that one half may be opened independently (2 wds.).

L. Scottish lake, part of Caledonian Canal, famous for its peculiar occupant (2 wds.).

WORDS

205 31 171 13 58 178 77 182 61

7 75 150 2 112 154 189 29 206

57 163 122 62 95 48 68 172 199 145 4

191 21 151 73 41 86 104 159 38

84 126 177 35 134 54 141

34 168 1 103 124 46 120

197 83 200 160 6 14 181 91 136

97 78 24 194 161 49 12 142 128

3 158 173 28 67 47 201 39 118 15 146

74 180 18 125 144 44 82 165 107

143 149 76 63 135 50 198 56 100

36 45 71 92 175 193 25 101

DEFINITIONS

M. Real surname of "Il Tedesco," forerunner of Rembrandt (1578-1610).

N. American who first designed "mission furniture"; husband of Anna Katharine Green (1853-1936).

O. A salt or ester of hydriodic acid.

P. Most wayward.

Q. That which anyone occupies, owns, controls.

R. Area as usually measured, esp. of real estate.

S. Recrystallized "borders" around a central larger crystal.

T. One of oldest cities of Switzerland, once capital of Helvetia.

U. A pessimistic outlook (2 wds.).

V. Roman province, estab. A.D. 9, generally coextensive with modern western Yugoslavia.

W. Lofty structure for making small ammunition, released in small molten streams (2 wds.; famous one in Baltimore, Md.).

X. Beautiful small body of water near Franconia, N.H., enclosed by mountains (2 wds.).

WORDS

9 106 138 117 37 157 179 80 203

166 204 170 108 130 94

167 64 81 8 140 59

16 115 119 176 187 152 69 139 102 111

98 113 148 186 202 110 17 87 65 79

27 11 137 196 121 185 85

42 99 70 132 114 20 43 174 188 155

109 89 30 184 169 33 93 190

123 19 195 164 52 90 131

96 192 66 147 133 183 32 105 51

10 153 72 60 116 129 162 88 23

127 26 55 5 53 40 156 22

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 F	2 B	3 I		4 C	5 X	6 G	7 B	8 O	9 M	10 W		11 R	12 H	13 A	14 G
15 I	16 P			17 Q	18 J	19 U	20 S	21 D	22 X	23 W		24 H	25 L		26 X	27 R	28 I	29 B
30 T	31 A			32 V	33 T	34 F	35 E		36 L	37 M	38 D		39 I	40 X		41 D	42 S	
43 S	44 J	45 L	46 F	47 I	48 C	49 H	50 K	—	51 V	52 U	53 X	54 E		55 X	56 K	57 C	58 A	
59 O		60 W	61 A	62 C		63 K	64 O	65 Q	66 V	67 I	68 C		69 P	70 S		71 L	72 W	
73 D	74 J	75 B	76 K	77 A	78 H	79 Q	80 M	81 O		82 J	83 G		84 E	85 R	86 D	87 Q	88 W	
89 T	90 U		91 G	92 L	93 T		94 N	95 C	96 V	97 H	98 Q	99 S	100 K	101 L		102 P	103 F	
104 D	105 V	106 M	107 J		108 N	109 T	110 Q	111 P		112 B	113 Q	114 S		115 P		116 W	117 M	
118 I	119 P	120 F	121 R	122 C	123 U		124 F	125 J	126 E	127 X	128 H		129 W	130 N		131 U	132 S	
133 V	134 E	135 K	136 G	137 R	138 M	139 P		140 O	141 E	142 H	143 K	144 J	145 C	146 I	147 V		148 Q	
149 K	150 B	151 D		152 P	153 W	154 B	155 S	156 X	157 M	158 I	159 D		160 G	161 H	162 W	163 C	164 U	
165 J	166 N		167 O	168 F		169 T	170 N	171 A	172 C	173 I	174 S	175 L	176 P		177 E	178 A		
179 M	180 J	181 G	182 A	183 V	184 T	185 R		186 Q	187 P	188 S	189 B		190 T	191 D	192 V	193 L	194 H	
195 U	196 R	197 G		198 K	199 C		200 G	201 I	202 Q		203 M	204 N	205 A	206 B				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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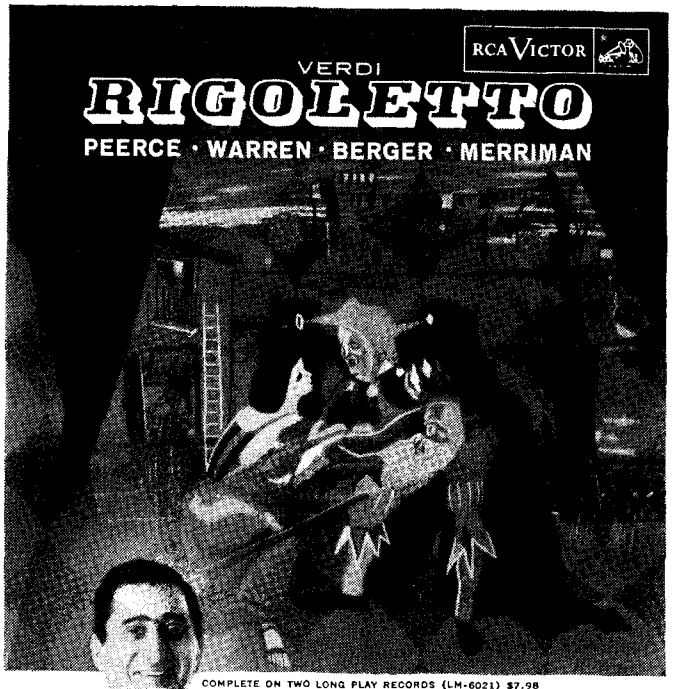

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